

"^{*}BIG^{*} CARNIVAL"

ACE IN THE HOLE

FINAL WHITE
Billy Wilder
Lesser Samuels
Walter Newman
July 6, 1950

Received from Secretarial Dept.

P. 11466
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Lesser Samuels
Walter Newman
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Title ACE IN THE HOLE

Signed _____

FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

CHARLES (CHUCK) TATUM.....Kirk Douglas
 LORRAINE MINOSA.....Jan Sterling
 HERBIE.....Robert Arthur
 JACOB Q. BOOT.....Porter Hall
 MISS DEVERICH.....Edith Evanson
 INDIAN OFFICE BOY.....Iron Eyes Cody
 LEO MINOSA.....Richard Benedict
 PAPA MINOSA.....John Berkes
 MAMA MINOSA.....Frances Dominguez
 KRETZER, THE SHERIFF.....Ray Teal
 DEPUTY SHERIFF.....Gene Evans
 SMOLLETT, THE CONSTRUCTION MAN.....Frank Jacquet
 MR. FEDERBER.....Frank Cady
 MRS. FEDERBER.....Geraldine Hall
 TWO FEDERBER BOYS {
 {
 {
 DOCTOR HILTON.....Harry Harvey
 NEIGHBOR BOY.....(Dale Belding)
 McCARDLE.....Louis Martin
 MICKEY JESSOP (1st Reporter).....Ken Christy
 JOSH MORGAN (2nd Reporter).....Bert Moorhouse
 3RD REPORTER.....Bert Stevens
 4TH REPORTER.....Bud Sweeney
 RUZAK.....Ralph Moody
 SPINSTER.....Claire Du Brey
 SAD-FACED MAN.....William Fawcett
 MR. NAGEL.....
 PRIEST.....Lester Dorr

SEQUENCE A

FADE IN:

A-1 EXT. STREET IN ALBUQUERQUE - (DAY)

Sharp lights and shadows, typical of a hot summer day in New Mexico. A dust-covered, cheap convertible, top down, is being towed, its front end suspended from the hoist of the tow car. Despite its position, the owner -- CHARLES (CHUCK) TATUM -- is still ensconced behind the wheel, reading a newspaper. In the back seat of his car are his belongings -- two suitcases, a typewriter and a rolled-up trench coat.

Tatum is about thirty-two. His double-breasted suit is strictly big town. His '49 license plates tell you where he began -- New York. And there is something about him that says he has not only travelled -- he has been around.

Suddenly he looks up from his paper, glances about to get his bearings, then honks his horn to attract the attention of the TOW CAR DRIVER, who leans out of his cab.

TATUM

Pull up at the corner.

A-2 THE CORNER

The tow car stops in front of an unimpressive old-fashioned building. Tatum looks it over. On the plate glass window is emblazoned:

THE ALBUQUERQUE SUN-BULLETIN

Circulation 16,000

Est. 1893

Tatum picks up his newspaper and a small brief-case with a zipper opening, hops down from his elevated perch and enters the building.

A-3 NEWS-ROOM - ALBUQUERQUE SUN-BULLETIN

As Tatum enters, this is what meets his eye. Eight desks, six of them occupied. Paper and files are piled all over. An over-sized wall map of NEW MEXICO, THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT is between two untidy bookshelves. Prominent on the wall hangs a large sampler in an old-fashioned frame bearing the legend TELL THE TRUTH. The only note of modernity is two teletypewriters. At one end of the room is a door marked PRIVATE.

(Continued)

A-3 (Cont'd)

At a large semi-circular desk sits the News Editor with whom we are not too much concerned, nor are we with two shirt-sleeved reporters at other desks. However, we shall come to know: MR. WENDELL, an elderly re-write man who wears a green eye-shade; MISS DEVERICH, a dumpy middle-aged society editor, dressed with provincial elegance, wearing a floppy straw hat adorned with artificial roses; HERBIE bent over his desk, writing captions under news-photos, his Graflex next to him; an Indian copy boy, delivering mail, clippings and engravings to the various desks. He is dressed in ordinary clothes but wears his hair in a short braid. Just now he is passing Tatum.

TATUM

How.

He raises his hand in traditional Indian salute and proceeds to Herbie's desk. Herbie is so engrossed in his work he doesn't notice him. Tatum presses the release key on Herbie's typewriter. The carriage rolls to the end. The bell rings. Herbie looks up, annoyed, pushes the carriage back.

HERBIE

Yes?

TATUM

I want to see the boss. What did you say his name is?

HERBIE

I didn't say.

TATUM

Cagey, huh?

HERBIE

Mr. Boot is the owner and publisher.

TATUM

Okay. Tell Mr. Boot, Mr. Tatum would like to see him -- Charles Tatum from New York.

HERBIE

What about?

TATUM

Look, fan, just ask him how he'd like to make himself a fast two hundred dollars a week.

(Continued)

A-3 (Cont'd)

HERBIE

What did you say you were selling?
Insurance?

TATUM

I didn't say.

HERBIE

Cagey, huh?

Herbie goes into the office marked PRIVATE. Tatum takes a cigarette from Herbie's desk, also a kitchen match. He places the sulphur tip of the match on the typewriter roller and releases the tabulator key. As the carriage moves it ignites the match. The others watch him fascinated. Taking a deep puff he wanders toward the framed sampler with its motto: TELL THE TRUTH. En route he deposits the match in Miss Deverich's ashtray.

He stands in front of the sampler studying it as though it were a Rembrandt. He goes through all the solemn motions of an art critic -- backing away, viewing it from another angle and shading his eyes. He turns to Miss Deverich.

TATUM

Now isn't that something. Who
said it?

MISS DEVERICH

Mr. Boot said it. But I did
the needlework.

Herbie returns.

HERBIE

Okay.
(Pointing)
That way.

TATUM

(A look back at
sampler -- to Miss
Deverich)

I wish I could coin 'em like that.
If I ever do, will you embroider
it for me?

He goes into Boot's office.

A-4

BOOT'S OFFICE

A smallish room with a large, cluttered, roll-top
desk which hasn't been cleaned since Dewey took

(Continued)

A-4

(Cont'd)

Manila. The black leather arm chair is worn smooth. Another sampler with the same TELL THE TRUTH motto adorns the wall. Seated at the desk is JACOB Q. BOOT, an alert man for his sixty years; small town, but nobody's fool. Neither he nor any other man on the paper wears a tie. Their costume is uniformly western shirt, slacks, belt and suspenders. Tatum enters.

BOOT

Mr. Tatum?

TATUM

Yes sir. I'm passing through Albuquerque. Had breakfast here this morning. Read your paper. Thought you might be interested in my reaction.

BOOT

You bet I am.

TATUM

Well sir, it made me throw up. I don't want you to think I expected the New York Times -- but even for Albuquerque -- this is pretty Albuquerque.

He puts his copy of the paper on the desk.

BOOT

(Takes coin from
pocket)

All right, here's your nickel back. Now what's all this about my making two hundred dollars a week?

TATUM

Mr. Boot, apparently you're not familiar with my name.

BOOT

Can't say that I am.

TATUM

That's because you don't get the Eastern papers out here. I thought maybe once in a while somebody would toss one out of the Super Chief and you might have seen my by-line -- Charles Tatum. Worked in Chicago -- worked in New York -- Detroit ----

(Continued)

rw 1st Change ACE IN THE HOLE 8-30-50 5.
A-4 (Cont'd)

Tatum has opened his briefcase and is spreading a batch of newspaper clippings on Boot's desk.

BOOT
(Interrupting)
What about the two hundred?

TATUM
I was coming to that. Mr. Boot, I'm a two hundred and fifty dollar a week newspaper man. I can be had for fifty.

BOOT
Why are you so good to me?

TATUM
I know newspapers backward, forward, and sideways. I can write 'em, edit 'em, print 'em, wrap 'em and sell 'em...

BOOT
I don't need anybody right now.

TATUM
... I can handle big news and little news, and if there's no news I'll go out and bite a dog. Make it forty-five.

BOOT
What makes you so cheap?

TATUM
A fair question -- considering that I have been a top man wherever I worked. You will be glad to know that I have been fired from eleven papers with a total circulation of seven million -- for reasons with which I don't want to bore you.

BOOT
(Examining clippings)
Go ahead, bore me.

TATUM
Mr. Boot, I'm a pretty good liar. I've done a lot of lying in my time. I've lied to men who wear belts. I've lied to men who wear suspenders. But I would never be so stupid as to lie to a man who wears both belt and suspenders.

(Continued)

A-4 (Cont'd)

BOOT

How's that again?

TATUM

You strike me as a man who checks and double checks. So, I'll tell you why I was fired. In New York, a story of mine brought on a libel suit. In Chicago, I started something with the Publisher's wife. In Detroit, I was caught drinking out of season. In Cleveland --

BOOT

(Interrupting)

I get the picture.

TATUM

Now then Mr. Boot, I find myself in Albuquerque with a burnt-out bearing, no money, and a lousy reputation. I have only one chance to get back where I belong. To land a job on a small town paper like yours and wait and hope and pray that something big breaks. Something I can latch on to. Something the Wire Services will gobble up and yell for more. Just one good beat -- a Tatum Special -- and they'll roll out the red carpet --- because when they need you, they forgive and forget. But until then, Mr. Boot, you'll get yourself the best man you ever had -- at forty per. When do I start?

BOOT

Don't push.

TATUM

I hope I haven't scared you off.

BOOT

Well, I don't know. I'm not afraid of a libel suit because I'm a lawyer myself. Check and double check every word I print.

TATUM

Sure. Belt and suspenders.

BOOT

Now about that Publisher's wife -- I think you should know that Mrs.

(Continued)

A-4 (Cont'd)

BOOT (Cont'd)

Boot is a grandmother three times.
If you want to start something with
her, she'd be very flattered...As
for drinking -- do you drink a lot?

TATUM

Not a lot. Just frequently.

BOOT

We have a shop rule here. No liquor
on the premises.

TATUM

How about smoking?

BOOT

Of course...And I pay sixty a week
in this shop.

TATUM

I'll take it. Where's my desk?

BOOT

Take the one by the door. You
may be out of here by Saturday.

TATUM

The sooner the better.

BOOT

Come on.

Boot scoops up the nickel from the desk and leads
Tatum toward the News Room, Tatum walking directly
INTO CAMERA and obscuring the SHOT.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

A-5 NEWS ROOM - ALBUQUERQUE SUN-BULLETIN - DAY

The SHOT is blurred by Tatum's back close to CAMERA.
As he moves away from CAMERA we discover that by
now he is wearing the typical Western outfit. Fancy
shirt open at the neck, slacks, belt and suspenders.
He goes to the teletype, glances at the incoming
dispatches, rips off the tear-sheet and carries it to
his desk, which no longer is the one by the door. It
is a year later. He occupies the large semi-circular
desk, functioning as News Editor.

Miss Deverich is busy at her typewriter, her rose-
bedecked picture hat on her desk. Mr. Wendell, with
his green eye-shade, is typing away. Herbie is doing
some retouching at his desk. The other desks are
unoccupied.

(Continued)

A-5 (Cont'd)

The Indian Copy Boy enters carrying a parcel containing some lunch for Tatum which he puts on the latter's desk, opening the parcel.

TATUM

Thanks, Geronimo.

(He hands him news photos)

Take these over to the engravers.

(Frowning at the contents of the parcel)

What's this mess?

COPY BOY

They haven't got any pastrami.

I brought you some chicken tacos.

Tatum edges the food away with a pencil as though it were a repulsive specimen.

TATUM

Chicken tacos!

COPY BOY

They said they're not going to fly in any more pastrami for you. Nobody else buys it. And no more garlic pickles.

TATUM

When the history of this sun-baked Siberia is written, these shameful words will live in infamy: No pastrami! No garlic pickles!

He rises, carried away by the iniquity.

TATUM

No Lindy's! No Madison Square Garden! No Yogi Berra!

He has crossed to Miss Deverich's desk and stands looking at her as though she were responsible for it all,

TATUM

What do you know about Yogi Berra, Miss Deverich?

MISS DEVERICH

I beg your pardon.

TATUM

(Shouting)

Yogi Berra!

(Continued)

A-5 (Cont'd)

Miss Deverich cringes.

MISS DEVERICH

Yogi? -- It's a sort of religion,
isn't it?

TATUM

You bet it is! A belief in the
New York Yankees.

He strides to Mr. Wendell's desk.

TATUM

And another thing, Mr. Wendell.
Do you know what's wrong with New
Mexico? Too much outdoors! Give
me those eight spindly trees in
front of Rockefeller Center any
day. That's enough outdoors for me!

He crosses to Herbie's desk, building up his indictment.

TATUM

And no subways, smelling sweet-sour!
And what do you use for noise here?
No beautiful roar from eight million
ants fighting, cursing and loving!
And no shows! No "South Pacific"!
No chic little dames, --- across a
crowded bar... And worst of all,
Herbie, no eightieth floor to jump
from when you feel like it.

HERBIE

Is this one of your long playing
records, Chuck? Let's hear the
other side.

TATUM

All right, I'll play it for you!
When I came here I thought this was
going to be a thirty day stretch,
maybe sixty. Now it's a year and
it looks like a life sentence... Where
is it? Where's the loaf of bread
with a file in it? Where's that big
story to get me out of here... One
year and what was our hot news? A
Soap-box Derby! A tornado that double-
crossed us and went into Texas! An old
goof who said he was the real Jesse
James until we found out he was a
chicken thief from Gallup by the name
of Schimmelmacher.

A-5 (Cont'd)

By this time, Boot, attracted by Tatum's loud voice, appears in the doorway of his office. He is unseen by Tatum.

TATUM

I'm stuck here, fans! Stuck for good. Unless, of course, you, Miss Deverich, instead of writing Household Hints about how to remove chili stains from blue jeans, would get yourself involved in a trunk murder. How about it, Miss Deverich? I could do wonders with your dismembered body.

MISS DEVERICH

(Bewildered)

Mr. Tatum, really!

TATUM

Or you, Mr. Wendell. If you would only toss that cigar out of the window, real far, all the way to Los Alamos -- and boom! Now there would be a story!

Boot's gaze shifts from Tatum to Tatum's desk where he sees the neck of a bottle jutting out of a drawer. He crosses to it.

BOOT

I told you, no liquor in the office. I thought I could trust you.

TATUM

What a suspicious nature you have, Mr. Boot.

Boot takes out the bottle. It contains a miniature ship model.

BOOT

Oh.

TATUM

Pretty, isn't it? I make those things every night when I go home, out of matches and toothpicks. Calms my nerves.

BOOT

Sorry, Tatum. Maybe you need a change.

(Continued)

A-5 (Cont'd)

TATUM

Do I?!

BOOT

Then I've got good news. You're going out of town for a couple of days.

TATUM

How far and in what direction?

BOOT

Los Barrios county. They're having a rattlesnake hunt. I want you to cover it.

TATUM

A rattlesnake hunt?

BOOT

That's right. And take Herbie along. Let's get some Art.

TATUM

Rattlesnake hunt. Well isn't that ginger-peachy. A real stop-the-press, full-out-the-front-page, get-ready-to-replate assignment.

BOOT

Have a nice time, Chuck, see the country and don't worry, I'll put the paper to bed.

Boot goes back into his room.

TATUM

Well it looks like we're starting our second year with a real bang.

(He snaps his suspenders -
then to Herbie)

Okay, fan, pack up.

Tatum takes his hat and coat. Miss Deverich, full of indignation, goes to his desk and takes the bottle containing the ship's model.

MISS DEVERICH

Mr. Tatum, I brought that bottle here to show all of you. I didn't give you permission to remove it from my desk.

A-5 (Cont'd).

TATUM

All right, Miss Deverich.
Just a temporary exchange.

He lifts her picture hat, takes out a pint bottle of whiskey concealed thereunder, puts it in his pocket and walks out briskly, followed by Herbie with his camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-6 NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY - (DAY)

Tatum and Herbie in Tatum's open car (by this time it has New Mexico license plates). Herbie is driving, Tatum stretched out next to him, his hat over his eyes.

HERBIE

This can be a pretty good story, Chuck. Don't sell it short. It's quite a sight. A thousand rattlers in the underbrush and a lot of men smoking them out and batting in their heads...

TATUM

Big deal! A thousand rattlers in the underbrush. Aaah! Give me just fifty of them loose in Albuquerque. Like that leopard in Oklahoma City. A whole town in panic. Deserted streets. Barricaded houses. They're evacuating the children. Every man is armed. Fifty killers on the prowl. One by one they start hunting them down. They get ten. They get twenty. It's building. They get forty. They get forty-five. They get forty-nine. Where is the last rattler? Where? In a kindergarten? In a church? In a crowded elevator?

HERBIE

(Fascinated)

I give up. Where?

TATUM

In my desk drawer, fan! Stashed away. Only nobody knows it. The story's good for another three days, see! Then when I'm good and ready, we come out with a big extra: SUN-BULLETIN SNAGS NUMBER 50!

(Continued)

A-6 (Cont'd)

HERBIE

Where do you get those ideas?

TATUM

Herbie, boy, how long did you go to that school of journalism?

HERBIE

Three years.

TATUM

Three years down the drain. Me, I didn't go to any college. But I know what makes a good story because before I ever worked on a paper, I sold them on a street corner. And you know the first thing I found out? Bad news sells best. Because good news is no news.

(He glances at the dashboard)
We'd better get some gas.

A-7 TRADING POST

A two story adobe building in the midst of a tiny desert settlement. A sign reads:

MINOSA'S
INDIAN CURIOS
GAS OIL LUNCH
DRINKS ON ICE

The car pulls in and comes to a stop. There is no one in sight. Herbie sounds his horn.

HERBIE

(Calling)

Hey! Anybody here!

(Then louder as he
honks horn again)

Hey!!

He gets out of the car. There is a small Indian Curio Shop and Lunch Room connected with the service station. He gives a cursory glance inside, sees that it is deserted, then looks into:

A-8 LUNCH ROOM

which adjoins and is part of the same establishment - a counter and a couple of booths. Herbie enters,

(Continued)

A-8 (Cont'd)

looks around, sees evidence of recent occupancy in the form of half finished coffee and a sandwich. He takes a spoon and taps loudly against a glass.

HERBIE

Service!

There is no answer. He wanders to the rear of the lunch room. Through an open door he sees:

A-9 A SMALL BEDROOM

It is crudely furnished. Harbie appears in the doorway.

HERBIE

Anybody home?

His voice trails off as he sees in the corner of the room a woman of about fifty (MAMA MINOSA) on her knees praying silently before the figure of Madonna, set upon a ledge.

HERBIE

(Tentatively)

Sorry to bother you lady. I'd like some gas.

Mama Minosa pays no attention to him. She goes on praying silently. Harbie looks on for a moment. Then, nonplussed, he turns to go.

A-10 EXT. TRADING POST

Herbie comes out and walks toward Tatum in the car.

HERBIE

Something screwy about this place.
Just an old lady in there ----

The SOUND of a SIREN, increasing in screeching volume as it rapidly nears them, stops him. They both look toward:

A-11 A SHERIFF'S CAR

tearing down the highway. It turns off at a gate adjacent to the Trading Post. Next to the gate is a home made sign reading:

(Continued)

A-11 (Cont'd)

V I S I T
OLD INDIAN CLIFF DWELLING
450 YEARS OLD
O.K. TO TAKE PICTURES O.K.
FILM ON SALE IN TRADING POST
LEO MINOSA, PROP.
F R E E

The sheriff's car careers over a rutty dirt road across the mesa toward a sheer, rocky mount. In a deeply eroded recess are the dilapidated remnants of an ancient Indian Cliff Dwelling. Grouped about the cavernous entrance are a couple of jalopies and about a dozen people.

A-12 TATUM AND HERBIE

looking toward the cliff dwelling.

HERBIE
Now what would the law be doing up there?

TATUM
Maybe they've got a warrant for Sitting Bull for that Custer rap. Come on, Herbie. Let's go visiting.

HERBIE
(Climbs in the car)
I'll get the gas on the way back. That is, if she's stopped praying.

TATUM
Who?

HERBIE
That old lady in there.

TATUM
What's she praying for?

HERBIE
I don't know. But whatever she's praying for, she's sure praying hard.

TATUM
Maybe it ties in. Let's see.

They drive off.

A-13 TATUM AND HERBIE DRIVING ACROSS THE MESA

Ahead of them, halfway toward the Cliff Dwelling is a young woman in blue jeans carrying a folded blanket and a thermos bottle. She is LORRAINE MINOSA, a lush blonde, rather heavily made up for this out-of-the-way spot. As the car approaches, she stops it with upraised hand and takes a look at the two men.

LORRAINE

(Flatly)

Oh. I thought you were the doctor.

TATUM

What's wrong? Somebody hurt?

LORRAINE

We don't know yet. He's way in there -- under that mountain.

TATUM

What happened?

LORRAINE

We had a cave-in this morning.

TATUM

That so?

LORRAINE

That dumb cluck. Everybody keeps telling him -- stay out of that place. Stay out of there! Not Leo. Stubborn as a mule. Always going back digging for those Indian pots.

TATUM

Who's Leo?

LORRAINE

My husband.

TATUM

Oh. I'm sorry to hear about it.
Hop in.

Lorraine gets into the car.

A-13-A INT. CAR - TATUM, LORRAINE AND HERBIE

TATUM

You live around here?

(Continued)

LORRAINE

Yes. I'm Mrs. Leo Minosa. We own that trading post on the highway. Finest store in downtown Escudero.

TATUM

Is that what they call this place -- Escudero?

LORRAINE

I've got a couple of other names for it myself.

HERBIE

(looking straight ahead
toward the Cliff Dwelling)
Did the Indians really live in that place four hundred and fifty years ago?

LORRAINE

I don't know. I haven't been around that long. It only seems that long... But if you gents stopped by to see that broken-down Cliff Dwelling, you sure picked a swell day.

TATUM

Guess we have, at that.

A-14 EXT. CLIFF DWELLING

An old crumbling honeycomb of stone and adobe. Tatum's car pulls alongside the Sheriff's and stops. The group clustered about includes PAPA MINOSA, an elderly man with a club foot, and two begrimed men leaning wearily on their picks and shovels. Also there are several neighbors, a FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY with a bicycle, and an INDIAN FAMILY, including a PAPOOSE carried in traditional fashion.

The Deputy Sheriff, who has just arrived, is questioning the two men with the pick and shovel, conducting his inquiry with an irritating show of authority.

DEPUTY

(Notebook in hand)
All right. Let's have the facts.
(To Papa Minosa)
You're his father?

(Continued)

A-14 (Cont'd)

PAPA MINOSA

Yes sir.

DEPUTY

How long has he been inside?

PAPA MINOSA

Pretty near six hours now.

DEPUTY

And how far down would you say he is?

FIRST MAN

Oh, about two hundred fifty, three hundred foot, I should judge.

2ND MAN

Best we could do was get in about half way. Got to watch yourself. Swing that pick too hard in them old walls, you start a sand-slide and you block up the whole place -- then goodbye Leo.

(Continued)

A-14 (Cont'd)

By this time Tatum's car has stopped, Lorraine has gotten out. Papa Minosa comes running to her, grabbing the blanket and thermos bottle from her hands.

PAPA MINOSA

Is that coffee good and hot, Lorraine?

LORRAINE

Sure it's hot. The sandwiches are in the blanket. So are the cigars.

PAPA MINOSA

How's Mama?

LORRAINE

All right I guess.

Papa Minosa turns to the two men with an air of determination.

PAPA MINOSA

How do I find my way?

FIRST MAN

Just follow our rope. We left it in there.

2ND MAN

After that, holler. He'll yell back.

DEPUTY

(To Papa Minosa)

Wait a minute, you. Nobody goes no place here without I say so.

PAPA MINOSA

He's cold. He's hungry. We've got to let him know we're doing something.

DEPUTY

Look, I've got my hands full already. I don't want two of you in there.

PAPA MINOSA

Somebody's got to go.

DEPUTY

What about those Indians?

(He looks at the head
of the family)

What do you say, Chief? You ought to know your way around.

(Continued)

A-14 (Cont'd)

The solemn faced Indians shake their heads.

PAPA MINOSA

They won't go in. They never do.
Bad spirits.

DEPUTY

(To Indians)

Aw, go on -- what are you holding
out for -- a couple of bucks?

INDIAN

(The head of the family)

Dzit tsosts'id Jeshoo'.

PAPA MINOSA

He says it's their holy mountain.
The Mountain of the Seven Vultures.

A-15 TATUM AND HERBIE IN THEIR CAR

TATUM

The Mountain of the Seven Vultures.
It's got a sound to it...Get me a
few shots, Herbie.

Herbie leans back to get the Graflex from the rear
seat. Meanwhile Tatum gets out of the car and walks
toward:

A-16 THE GROUP SURROUNDING THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

LORRAINE

Looks like it's your move, Copper.
What's it going to be.

DEPUTY

I'm thinking. Don't rush me, I'll
do something.

TATUM

(Out of nowhere)

You can always give that poor fellow
in there a ticket for parking overtime.

(To Papa Minosa)

Let me have those things.

(He takes the blanket
and thermos bottle)

DEPUTY

Hey, who do you think you are,
butting in like this.

(Continued)

A-16 (Cont'd)

TATUM
(To Deputy)
Let's have your flashlight.

DEPUTY
(To Papa Minosa)
Who is he?

TATUM
I'll tell you who I am. I'm the
guy who's going in that cave and
you're the guy who's been sounding
off long enough. Now give me that
flashlight and shut up.

Tatum grabs his flashlight. The Deputy stands
deflated.

TATUM
Come on, Herbie.
(He starts for entrance
to the cavern)

PAPA MINOSA
Thanks Mister, and God bless you.
Tell him we'll get him out. Tell
him not to worry.

LORRAINE
(Lighting a cigarette)
Sure. And tell him we'll have a
big coming out party for him --
with a band and everything.

Herbie, with the Graflex, has joined Tatum. The two
enter the cavern.

A-17 LORRAINE AND PAPA MINOSA STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE OF
THE CAVERN

She flicks her match away with her fingernail and
puffs her cigarette calmly. Papa Minosa strains his
eyes to pierce the dark interior. When he turns he
sees:

A-18 THE INDIAN FAMILY

looking gravely toward the cavern.

A-19 LORRAINE AND PAPA MINOSA

He reacts to their ominously stony glances. Crosses
himself. She turns and walks away.

A-20

INT. CLIFF DWELLING

Tatum and Herbie make their way into the dark recesses of the subterranean chambers, with their chipped old walls, CAMERA preceding them. Beyond them can be seen the blazing sunlight at the entrance. It grows dimmer as they continue to pick their footing by flashlight over the uneven and rock strewn ground.

TATUM

Here's the rope.

HERBIE

Hope we can get to him.

TATUM

Yeah.

HERBIE

The old man sure looked bad.
See his face? Like the faces of
the folks you see outside a coal
mine. Eighty-four men trapped...

TATUM

One man is better than eighty-four.
Didn't they teach you that?

HERBIE

Teach me what?

TATUM

Human interest. You pick up the
paper. You see something about
eighty-four men. Or two hundred
and eighty-four men. Or a million
people, like in a Chinese famine.
You read it, but it doesn't stay with
you. One man is different. That's
human interest. You want to know all
about him. Somebody all by himself --
like Lindbergh over the Atlantic, or
Floyd Collins. Floyd Collins --- doesn't
that ring a bell?

HERBIE

Not to me, it doesn't.

Tatum stops in his tracks, turns the flashlight
squarely in Herbie's blinking eyes, scrutinizing
him in amazement.

(Continued)

A-20 (Cont'd)

TATUM

You never heard of Floyd Collins?
1925? Kentucky? The guy pinned
way down in that cave? One of the
biggest stories that ever broke.
Front page on every paper in the
country for weeks. Say, what did you
take at that school of journalism?
Advertising?

HERBIE

Maybe I did hear about it.

TATUM

(As they start walk-
ing again)

Then maybe you heard that a reporter
on a Louisville paper crawled in
for the story and came out with
the Pulitzer prize.

By now they are forced to walk in a bent-over position
due to the persistent sloping of the roof. The two
men keep crawling through the narrow passageway.
The going gets harder and harder. Suddenly their
progress is blocked by a heap of stone and rubble,
making an almost impassable barrier.

By the light of his flash, Tatum sees the end of
the rope. This, evidently, is as far as the other
men had gone. There is a small opening in the dis-
lodged rock and stone which Tatum tries to widen
by digging away some of the debris with his hands.
His efforts start a trickle of sand from the spalling
roof upon both of them. Tatum shoves a loose rock
into the crevice, stopping a little of the spout.

TATUM

Guess we better not fool around
with that.

Gingerly, he removes a few layers of shale to widen
the opening. Then he passes the blanket and thermos
through to the other side.

TATUM

(Taking Graflex from
Herbie)

You stay here. If that sand gets
worse, let me hear from you -
but loud.

Tatum inches his body through the jagged aperture.

(Continued)

A-20 (Cont'd)

HERBIE

I don't like the looks of it,
Chuck.

TATUM

I don't either, fan -- but I
like the odds.

Herbie looks after him.

A-21 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRIER - (FROM HERBIE'S ANGLE)

Tatum crawls along the unexplored passage. He turns a corner and the light from his flash disappears from view.

A-22 TATUM

Still crawling, holding onto the blanket, in which he had wrapped the thermos and Graflex. His flash-light continues to guide his way.

A-23 HERBIE

lights his Zippo. In the reflection of the flame he examines the roof again. The sand is still trickling.

A-24 TATUM

reaches a series of STONE STEPS worn by centuries of usage. He decides to belly his way down the steps.

A-25 A LOWER LEVEL

giving into a maze of chambers. This relic of man-made subterranean architecture shows the ravages of time and the great pressure of the chambers above.

Tatum is now able to stand upright. He looks about him, starts shouting: Halloo! He repeats it a couple of times. In a moment he hears a faint response: Here. Here. He makes up his mind from which direction the sound comes and starts off.

A-26 TATUM

threads his way through a narrow, crumbling corridor between two chambers. The walls are glistening with

(Continued)

A-26 (Cont'd)

a steady seepage from a remote mountain spring. He is doing his best to follow the guiding voice, which is becoming louder. When the voice starts diminishing in volume he stops, changes his course, and turns toward the right. The Here! Here! gets noticeably louder. He looks ahead and sees:

A-27 THE CAVE-IN

The flickering light from a lantern is reflected in the corridor through a very small opening in the floor some distance away. The voice calls again. Tatum answers: Coming!

A-28 TATUM

makes as much haste as he can, digging with his hands through the rubble and falling shale toward his objective. He nearly goes through the floor himself as he stumbles into an unseen fault which gives way.

A-29 THE CAVE-IN

A chamber has sunk into the one below. LEO MINOSA lies there pinned to his waist by sand and adobe rubble, stones and bits of timber. Above his prison an ominously uneven column of heavy rocks and slabs has piled up, reaching to the roof. It is held into place by a large slab which had fallen diagonally across the opening in the wall. Between this slab and the wall is an aperture about two feet square. Tatum, on his level, is five or six feet away from Leo. He is breathless from his arduous journey.

Leo is about thirty, dark and wiry: a very ordinary guy. His face, bathed in cold perspiration, shows evidence of his ordeal. He is breathing heavily. His great difficulty in extracting himself is due to a large flat slab wedged against the wall of his cell nearest Tatum, and which slants across him, pinning him down. It is in such a position that it cannot be pried loose unless one were on Leo's side, which is the only place from which leverage could be applied.

TATUM

Hello, Leo. How do you feel?

Leo stares at Tatum, then manages a feeble smile.

LEO

Not so bad anymore. I thought nobody would ever come.

(Continued)

A-29 (Cont'd)

TATUM

Anything hurt? Any bones broken?

LEO

No, I guess not.

TATUM

Can't you get your legs out from under?

LEO

What do you think I've been trying to do?

TATUM

Maybe I can help.

Tatum picks up a loose piece of lumber from the several lying around, and reaches in, trying to lift the heavy slab. He is, of course, unable, from his position, to do anything, but his activity starts a small landslide down on Leo.

LEO

Watch it! Do you want those rocks to come down on my head?!

Tatum looks up at the uneven and perilously askew pillar of rocks separating him from Leo.

TATUM

I didn't know they were that shaky.

LEO

Everything's pretty shaky back here. It's an old place. Been falling apart a long time.

TATUM

Looks like we have to take them out one by one.

LEO

(sudden alarm)

Don't try it by yourself. It's going to take figuring. The way they are now, if one goes they all go -- roof and everything.

TATUM

(looking up)

The top one looks like it's wedged in.

LEO

Good thing for me it is. Or I wouldn't be talking to you now.

(Continued)

A-29 (Cont'd)

TATUM

I see what you mean. Here, wrap yourself in this blanket and get some of this coffee inside you.

Carefully, Tatum passes the stuff down.

LEO

Thank you, Mister.

(He opens the blanket)

Cigars! What do you know.

TATUM

Your wife sent them.

LEO

She did? Say!

(Chuckles)

She always beefs when I smoke a cigar.

TATUM

Matches?

LEO

Got 'em... What's your name, Mister?

TATUM

Charlie Tatum. Just driving down this way.

He takes the pint from his pocket and passes it down to Leo.

TATUM

Here. Pour a little of this in your coffee. Warm you up.

LEO

Thanks. Say, what happened to the other fellow? I heard them but they went away. Why don't they do something about getting me out?

TATUM

Don't worry, Leo. They'll get you out. You know what you just said -- it takes figuring. Maybe some special equipment.

LEO

(A note of panic)

They're not going to leave me here overnight?

TATUM

They'll do it as fast as they can -- but they've got to do it right.

(Continued)

A-29

(Cont'd)

LEO

Yes, I know.

(Gulping coffee)

Only it's a pretty heavy mountain.

Tatum eyes Leo speculatively.

TATUM

Tell me, Leo, how did it happen?

LEO

I guess I crawled in too far
this time. You got to, to find
a good one. Back there --

(Indicating direction

Tatum had come)

-- it's pretty well cleaned
out. Well, I found me a beauty.
Worth fifty bucks any day.

He holds up an old Indian funerary urn which he
has protectively nestled behind him.

LEO

Just then the whole floor
caved in under me.

(A rueful little laugh)

I guess maybe they didn't want
me to have it.

TATUM

They? Who are they?

(Continued)

A-29 (Cont'd)

LEO

The Indian dead. They're all around here. This is a tomb, Mister, with mummies four hundred years old. They used to bury them with these jars alongside. Full of corn and wampum -- You know, food and money for the Happy Hunting Ground.

TATUM

That's worth while knowing, Leo. Go on.

LEO

So I figure maybe they been watching me -- all the time I been taking things out of here. And got mad.

TATUM

Bad spirits, huh?

LEO

I guess you're going to laugh at me. Like I'm crazy. But if you lie here all by yourself you get to thinkin'.

TATUM

I'm not laughing, Leo... Do me a favor. Hold up that jar again, will you? And look at me.

Tatum maneuvers his camera into the small opening above and takes a picture, the flashbulb suffusing the cave-in with blazing light.

LEO

(Frightened)

What are you doing?

TATUM

Taking your picture.

LEO

What for?

TATUM

I'm going to put it in the paper.

LEO

What kind of a paper?

TATUM

A newspaper. In Albuquerque.

LEO

(Pleased)

My picture? Honest?

(Continued)

A-29 (Cont'd)

TATUM

Certainly. Everybody wants to see how you look. And I'm going to write a story. They'll want to know all about you. They'll be pulling for you.

LEO

How do you like that -- me in the paper.

TATUM

Let's have another one, Leo.

LEO

Wait'll I wipe my face.

Leo mops his moist face with his coat sleeve and straightens his hair. While Tatum puts in another flash bulb and takes the picture:

TATUM

How old are you, Leo?

LEO

Thirty.

TATUM

Where were you born?

LEO

Right here in Martinez.

TATUM

Any children?

LEO

(Shakes his head)

Not that I wouldn't like a couple. But Lorraine -- well, you know how a good-looking girl is. She says it's going to spoil her shape.

(Sudden thought)

Say, Mister, you wouldn't put anything like that in your paper.

TATUM

Of course not.

LEO

And don't you write anything about those Indian spirits. I don't want anybody to think I'm scared,

TATUM

Me? I'm your friend, Leo.

LEO

I know. That's why I can talk to you.

(Continued)

A-29 (Cont'd)

TATUM

Sure you can.

LEO

In the army I was plenty scared too. Like when my outfit landed in Italy. Only it's different in the army. There everybody was scared. Your barge is going to land and you know you're going to die. Then a guy starts singing -- softlike. Then the guy next to you starts singing. Pretty soon you're singing too.

Out of his memory Leo begins singing softly The Hut-Sut Song. Then after several measures his voice trails off. He smiles shyly at Tatum as if realizing the incongruity of song now.

TATUM

It worked, didn't it? Nothing happened to you.

LEO

Nothing -- except I got the mumps in Naples.

TATUM

(Gives out with a prop laugh)
Now light yourself a cigar, Leo.
I've got to say so long.

LEO

Certainly wish you could stay.

TATUM

So do I but there's a lot to do outside. Getting things organized. You want to get out, don't you.

LEO

Okay then... Sure glad you found your way here. Hope the pictures come out good. And tell the folks I'm all right. And thank Lorraine for the cigars... Is it still daylight outside?

TATUM

Getting on to twilight.

LEO

Looks like it's going to be a long night.

TATUM

None of that, Leo. Come on.

(Continued)

A-29 (Cont'd)

Tatum begins to sing The Hut-Sut Song. After a few measures:

TATUM

I said, come on. All together.

Tatum picks up the tune again. After a moment Leo joins in. When the song is well under way, Tatum starts crawling back. Upon seeing him go, Leo's voice falters a little, then he picks up the tempo and sings on bravely.

A-30 TATUM - AT THE STEPS

carrying the camera as he inches his way upward, still singing. From the cave-in, Leo's voice carries on.

A-31 HERBIE

in the darkness, hears the two voices; Tatum's coming closer and clearer. He lights his Zippo and peers into the aperture. In a few seconds Tatum's flashlight is seen and he moves into view. He is still singing. Leo's voice is heard faintly. Tatum passes the Graflex through to Herbie.

HERBIE

What's the idea? Have you gone nuts?

TATUM

(Wriggling through the opening)

Just a couple of pals singing.

What's wrong with that?

(Indicates Graflex)

I've got me some pictures, fan. Guard them with your life. Let's get moving... We've got a lot to do.

Tatum leads the way through the tunnel.

A-32 TATUM AND HERBIE

as they move toward the outside entrance, CAMERA preceding them, Tatum absorbed in his own thoughts. Herbie can't stand it any longer.

HERBIE

What happened? Aren't you going to tell me?

(Continued)

A-32 (Cont'd)

TATUM

Quiet, Herbie, quiet. I'm writing the lead to the story.

HERBIE

What is the story?

TATUM

Big. As big as they come, I think. Maybe bigger than Floyd Collins. Floyd Collins plus.

HERBIE

Plus what?

TATUM

Plus King Tut. You remember that one, don't you: the curse of the old Egyptian Pharaoh when they came to rob his tomb. How's that for an angle? King Tut in New Mexico! The curse of the old Indian Chief. White men half buried by angry Spirits. What will they do? Will they spare him? Will they crush him?

HERBIE

Give it to me straight, Chuck. How does it look? Can they get him out?

TATUM

Oh, sure.

HERBIE

How soon?

TATUM

(Shrugs)

I don't know. Floyd Collins lasted eighteen days. I don't need eighteen days. If I just had a week of this -- brother!

HERBIE

(Momentarily staggered)

You're kidding, Chuck? You don't really wish for anything like that?

TATUM

I'm not wishing for anything, I don't make things happen. All I do is write about them.

By now they have reached the mouth of the tunnel.

A-33 EXT. CLIFF DWELLING

The group outside wait with grim expectancy -- all except the stony-faced Indians. When Tatum and Herbie come out, Papa Minosa instantly runs to them.

PAPA MINOSA

Couldn't you reach him? Couldn't you bring him out? Is he alive?

TATUM

I saw him. I talked to him. And you can be sure of one thing, we'll get him out.

PAPA MINOSA

When? Today? Tonight?

TATUM

I'm afraid not. There is nothing we can do here tonight.

PAPA MINOSA

Tomorrow?

TATUM

As soon as we can get an engineering crew on the job. And I'm going to get them Mr. Minosa. The best. And I'll get that doctor. And the sheriff too.

DEPUTY

The sheriff's tied up in Los Barrios until Monday. You better talk to me.

TATUM

Tied up in Los Barrios. I'll bet he's at that rattlesnake hunt. And chances are, the doctor, too. How do you like that. A man could be dying here ---

(Turns to Lorraine)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Minosa.

LORRAINE

I know all about that sheriff. Stops in every week for a steak dinner and never picks up the check.

TATUM

He'll be here. They'll all be here. Sheriff -- doctor -- engineer... Got a phone in the Trading Post?

A-33 (Cont'd)

PAPA MINOSA

Yes, sir.

TATUM

(Looks at his watch)

Let's get started. I've got a lot of telephoning to do.

Led by Tatum they all move toward the cars.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

A-34 EXT. TRADING POST - (DAY)

Approaching from the mesa is Tatum's car with Herbie driving, Tatum and Lorraine in the front seat next to him. Behind them comes the Deputy Sheriff's car and the two jalopies, with Papa Minosa in one of them.

PAN with Tatum's car as it pulls up in front of the gas pump. Tatum and Lorraine get out.

LORRAINE

The phone's inside.

TATUM

Fill 'er up, Herbie. You're going back to town.

He follows Lorraine into the Trading Post.

A-35 INT. TRADING POST

Lorraine leads Tatum to a wall phone located between the lunch counter and the door to Mama Minosa's bedroom. On the wall next to the phone a piece of cardboard is tacked up on which names and numbers are scrawled.

LORRAINE

(Indicating cardboard)

Here's the doctor's number.
Dr. Hilton. And here's the sheriff's number.

TATUM

What's his name?

LORRAINE

Gus Kretzer.

(Continued)

A-35 (Cont'd)

She points to a placard on the wall reading: RE-ELECT SHERIFF GUS KRETZER. It features his best electoral smile.

TATUM

We're going to get some action here. You'll see. By tomorrow this place will be jumping, if I have to call Santa Fe and get the governor out of bed.

(Digs through pocket
for change)

Would it be too much trouble to put me up for the night?

LORRAINE

Sixty beautiful rooms at the Martinez-Ritz. Which will it be -- ocean view or mountain view?

TATUM

Anything. A cot. A couple of chairs in here will do fine.

She moves toward a door on the far side of the counter. Making sure she's gone, he starts dialing.

TATUM

(In phone)

Operator? Get me Albuquerque 4923.

He reaches over to the counter and gets himself a bottle of soda-pop, opens it and takes a swig.

TATUM

(In phone)

Sun-Bulletin? This is Tatum speaking. Give me Mr. Boot. Make it fast.

While he waits his eye wanders to the open door next to the phone. He sees Mama Minosa in her bedroom praying. He stretches out his leg and kicks the door shut.

TATUM

(In phone)

Mr. Boot? Tatum... No, nothing's wrong. Quite the contrary... No, I'm in a dreamy little spot called Martinez -- about three hours down the line... Forget the rattlesnakes. We've got something nicer here. We've got birds. Vultures. Seven of them. How does this hit you: The Curse of the Mountain of the Seven Vultures...

(Continued)

A-35 (Cont'd)

TATUM (Cont'd)

Of course you don't know what I'm talking about, but I'm going to tell you. And wait'll you see the Art. I'm sending Herbie up with it... No, I'm not drunk, Mr. Boot. Maybe a little excited, because unless war is declared tonight here is your front page feature. Now get yourself a lot of pencils ready for a Tatum special.

While Tatum is talking over the phone, Lorraine has returned, munching an apple. Obviously she has heard some of the conversation. Tatum, aware of her, lowers his voice. She exits through the front door.

A-36 EXT. TRADING POST

Lorraine comes out, stands leaning against the post just outside the glass door. She looks toward:

A-37 THE GAS PUMP

Papa Minosa has just finished filling Herbie's tank.

HERBIE

(Taking out money)

How much is it, Mr. Minosa?

PAPA MINOSA

No sir, I wouldn't take your money. Not after all you're doing for my boy.

A-38 LORRAINE -

taking a bite out of her apple. Papa Minosa's naivete makes her smile a little. She turns her head toward the glass front door. (PAN) Through it she can see Tatum talking fast and furiously into the phone.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE A

SEQUENCE B

FADE IN:

B-1 THE CAVE-IN

It is getting on for six o'clock the following morning. Leo lies motionless, his eyes closed, the blanket wrapped around him. He is so still that for a moment one would think he is dead. In his sleep he tries to turn on his side. His legs are pinned. He can't turn. The pain awakens him. His eyes are wide open. After his sleep reality is crowding in upon him once more. He hears a sound, a tiny sound, eerie, whooshing. Enough to throw him into panic. Terrified, holding his breath, his roving eyes scan the cave. But it's not the Indian dead. A small lizard is darting through the sand, stopping at brief intervals. Now it disappears from sight. Leo breathes again. He huddles in his blanket, his eyes staring upward.

B-2 EXT. MESA AND CLIFF DWELLING

Gray, dismal dawn. No sign of life anywhere. Nothing stirring in the hogans or the few scattered shacks. A cold, lonely, dreary, silent scene.

B-3 THE TRADING POST

Here, too, there is the same sense of suspended animation.

B-4 OUTSIDE STAIRS LEADING TO SECOND STORY

The door opens and Lorraine comes out. She wears a cheap, showy suit, high heels and a little straw hat. Incongruous attire for this neck of the woods and this time of day. She carries a medium-sized imitation leather suitcase. As she descends the wooden stairs there is the faint sound of a typewriter clicking away.

B-5 EXT. TRADING POST

Lorraine comes around the corner and walks toward the front door. Inside the electric light is burning. Through the glass door she sees Tatum, his

(Continued)

B-5 (Cont'd)

coat off, shirt sleeves rolled up, sitting at the lunch counter typing away. She enters.

B-6 INT. TRADING POST

The combination of electric light and dawn creeping through the windows turns the room a cheerless ochre. As Tatum types on the lunch counter, he refers now and again to some photos which he had taken out of a plush-bound family album: pictures of Leo from bearskin rug to army uniform and wedding.

LORRAINE

(Flatly)

Hi!

TATUM

'Morning.

Lorraine puts her suitcase down.

LORRAINE

That Construction Boss show up?
Or the Sheriff?

TATUM

Not yet.

LORRAINE

The way you were talking, I
thought you'd get the Governor
down here -- and the Marines too.

TATUM

It's all taken care of. They're
getting a construction crew to-
gether. Machinery too. And they're
on their way from Los Barrios now,
Sunday or no Sunday. I've talked
to the doctor. We're taking him in
as soon as they clear the passage.
And the Sheriff will be on the job too.

LORRAINE

Yap. Yap. Yap.

TATUM

Look, madam, when I say I deliver,
I deliver.

She sees the elder Minosas' bedroom door open.

B-6 (Cont'd)

LORRAINE

Where are the old folks?

TATUM

Went to early Mass.

Lorraine goes behind the lunch counter.

LORRAINE

What's that you've been playing
on the typewriter all night?
Sounded like that Sabre Dance from
upstairs.

TATUM

With all this trouble I didn't
think you could sleep anyhow.

LORRAINE

(Pouring coffee for
herself)

I've had enough sleep. Five years
of it. What else could you do
in Martinez -- look at the family
album? Where did you get it?

TATUM

From Mama Minosa.

LORRAINE

Just shows. Yesterday you never
even heard of Leo. Today you
can't know enough about him.
Aren't you sweet.

(Taps with her spoon)

Good looking kid in his uniform,
wasn't he? Him and eight million
other guys. See our wedding
picture? Bet you didn't even
recognize me.

TATUM

Sure I did. You were a brunette
then.

LORRAINE

In 'forty-five?... No, in 'forty-
five I was a redhead. Did you
notice how skinny I was? The
hospital back in Baltimore said
I had a touch of T.B. You wouldn't
think it to look at me now.

TATUM

You don't look like a chest case
to me.

B-3 (Cont'd)

Lorraine picks up a photo of Leo in uniform, taken with her.

LORRAINE

If you can spare this one, I'd like to take it along. In case I forget what he looks like.

Lorraine drops the photo into her purse and without closing it, takes it to the cash register. She rings it open.

LORRAINE

What time is it?

TATUM

Quarter to six.

Lorraine takes out all the bills, about ten dollars, and some coins.

TATUM

What's all that about?

LORRAINE

I'm grabbing the early bus.

TATUM

Where to?

LORRAINE

Out of here fast! And as far as eleven bucks will take me.

(She tosses the coins back into the cash register)

I'm blowing this place! I'm beating it!

(She slams the cash register shut)

TATUM

You picked a fine time.

LORRAINE

I've left him before. Once I got as far as Dodge City, Kansas. In a big blue convertible that stopped by for gas. Must have cost four thousand easy. But Leo caught up with me. I told him I was through. I told him it was no good any more. This is not for me.

(Continued)

B-6 (Cont'd)

TATUM

What is? Bet he took you out
of some dime-a-dance joint in
Baltimore.

LORRAINE

Night club.

TATUM

Saloon.

LORRAINE

All right, saloon! You know what
he told me? He told me he had a
hundred and sixty acres in New Mexico.
Look at it! And a big business!
Yeah. We sell eight hamburgers a week.
And a case of soda pop. And once in a
while a Navajo rug. Maybe.

Lorraine comes out from behind the counter.

TATUM

He married you, didn't he?
Brought you out here. Fed you.
Nursed you.

LORRAINE

And I thanked him plenty. I've
been thanking him for five years.
That makes us even. So long, Jack.

She picks up her suitcase and goes toward the door.

TATUM

Nice kid. Got a little jump on him
this time, huh? Can't run after
you. Not lying there with those
rocks on his legs.

LORRAINE

Look who's talking! Much you care
about Leo. I'm on to you. You're
working for a newspaper. All you
want is something to print. You like
those rocks as much as I do!

Lorraine exits. He watches her.

B-7 EXT. TRADING POST

Lorraine has reached the Bus Stop. At the SOUND
of an approaching car she looks off.

B-8

HIGHWAY

It is not the bus. Rolling toward the Trading Post in the murky light of the early morning is a medium priced sedan with a trailer behind. Roped to the top of the trailer are a canoe, fishing rods and a folding tent. The whole shebang stops alongside of Lorraine.

Driving the car is MR. FEDERBER. Next to him sits HIS WIFE. In the back seat two BOYS, age five and seven, are both fast asleep. Mr. and Mrs. Federber are typical middle-class, small-town people; honest, respectable squares.

MR. FEDEREER

Excuse me, Miss. We're a little mixed up. We on the right road to Martinez?

LORRAINE

This is Martinez.

Mr. and Mrs. Federber are both electrified. They look around eagerly.

MRS. FEDERBER

Is that the mountain?

MR. FEDEREER

Is he still in there?

LORRAINE

That's the mountain. And he's still in there. Anything else you want to know.

MR. FEDERBER

(A little taken aback)

No. Just stopping by to take a look. The name is Federber. We're on our way to Bottomless Lake. Going to get in a week of fishing and boating. Thought as long as we're this close...

Tatum has come out of the Trading Post by this time and has walked to the car.

TATUM

Glad you dropped in, folks. How did you hear about it?

MRS. FEDERBER

(Hushed tone)

Are you one of the family?

B-8

(Cont'd)

TATUM

No, just a friend.

MRS. FEDERBER

Well, haven't you seen the paper?
It's full of it.

TATUM

Got one?

MR. FEDERBER

Sure. Picked it up in Albuquerque.
Come on tilt, Nellie.

He pulls a crumpled newspaper from under Mrs. Federber and hands it to Tatum. As calmly as he can Tatum looks at the paper. There is a three-column headline and sub-heads:

ANCIENT CURSE ENTOMBS MAN
TREASURE SEEKER TRAPPED
IN BURIAL VAULT
By Charles Tatum

The story features the picture of Leo in the cave-in holding up the funerary urn. While he reads Mrs. Federber rambles on.

MRS. FEDERBER

We thought there'd be a lot of
digging going on. Where is every-
body?

MR. FEDERBER

Scared of those Indian spooks, huh?
(He laughs to show his
worldliness)

MRS. FEDERBER

When are they going to start doing
something?

LORRAINE

Any minute. They're on the way.
(Looking at Tatum)
On the way.

MR. FEDERBER

Guess it's all right if we drive
up there, isn't it?

TATUM

Go ahead, help yourself.

(Continued)

B-8 (Cont'd)

MR. FEDERBER

What do you say Nellie, just half an hour?

MRS. FEDERBER

All right. Later on we can have a nice breakfast here.

(A lower tone)

That is, if it won't disturb the family.

TATUM

It's all right. You can get breakfast.

MR. FEDERBER

Thanks.

(To Mrs. Federber)

Wake up the kids. They should see this. Very instructive.

Mr. Federber backs up his car and drives off through the gate toward the Cliff Dwelling. Tatum and Lorraine are alone. Tatum is now looking at the second page of the paper which carries the rest of the Art.

TATUM

Say, you look pretty good here. Want to read what I wrote about you? The grief-stricken wife with the tear-stained face. Trying to fight her way into the cave to be at her husband's side.

LORRAINE

Tough. You'll just have to re-write me.

TATUM

In a pig's eye! This is the way it reads best. This is the way it's going to be -- in tomorrow's paper and the next day. It's the way people like it! It's the way I'm going to play it!

She looks down the highway. From the distance a bus is approaching.

TATUM

(Quietly)

Get this. There's three of us buried here. Leo, me and you. We all want to get out. And we're going to. But I'm going back in style. You can too -- if you like. Not with any eleven stinking dollars.

(Continued)

B-8

(Cont'd)

TATUM (Cont'd)

(Points to mesa)

Saw those people? To you they're a couple of squares. To me they're just the beginning. To me they're Mr. and Mrs. America! I wasn't sure before, but now I know. They're going for it? They'll eat it up. The story --

(Points to himself)

-- and the hamburgers.

(Points to her)

You'll sell all your hamburgers, all your hot dogs, all your soda pops -- and a lot of Navajo rugs. There's going to be real dough in that cash register by tonight.

She picks up her suitcase in readiness for the on-coming bus.

TATUM

When they bleached your hair, they must have bleached your brains, too.

He walks back toward the Trading Post. The bus has now pulled into the SHOT and obscured Lorraine standing there holding her suitcase. After a moment the bus pulls out again. Lorraine is still standing there. She turns. As she walks toward the Trading Post slowly she takes off her hat. When she reaches the front door, Tatum, from the inside, opens it for her without comment or surprise.

B-9

HIGHWAY

The bus driving away, a lone vehicle in the cheerless dawn.

DISSOLVE:

B-10

HIGHWAY (PRECISELY THE SAME ANGLE)

Bright sunshine. Coming towards us are five or six cars. They range from dingy 1936 Fords to 1950 Buicks. They are all headed for the same destination and in a hurry to get there.

B-11 HERBIE

driving Tatum's convertible, top down, among the oncoming cars. As he pulls into the driveway of the Trading Post he looks about him with surprise.

B-12 THE TRADING POST (MOVING CAMERA FROM HERBIE'S ANGLE)

Parked in front are about eight cars. Two couples are coming out munching hot dogs and hamburgers and drinking cokes. STOP ON Papa Minosa filling one of the cars with gas.

HERBIE

Hello there, Mr. Minosa. Anything new with Leo?

PAPA MINOSA

Not yet. Mr. Tatum's down there now with the Doctor.

B-13 HERBIE

He drives toward the gate leading to the mesa. Beyond the gates can be seen twenty-five or thirty cars and trucks parked near the Cliff Dwelling, the sight-seers milling about. At the gate in foreground are a couple of cars ahead of Herbie, waiting to enter. By now the sign: VISIT OLD INDIAN CLIFF DWELLING, etc., and ending with ADMISSION FREE, has undergone a slight change. A piece of cardboard has been tacked up over the word: FREE. On it is written: 25 CENTS. The NEIGHBOR'S BOY, his bike leaning against the fence, is collecting the quarters as the cars file through. Herbie tries to enter without paying, but is stopped by the Boy.

BOY

That'll be two bits.

HERBIE

Press.

BOY

Twenty-five cents.

HERBIE

(Flashing Press Card)
Newspaper. We never pay.

BOY

Everybody pays. Mrs. Minosa says so. Two bits. And keep moving.

(Continued)

B-13 (Cont'd)

Herbie forks over. With a gesture of annoyance he shoves the Press Card in his hatband and moves on as ordered. As he drives up the mesa he looks around.

B-14 THE MESA AND CLIFF DWELLING

The two cars ahead of Herbie pull to a stop alongside of twenty others. Whole families pile out. ONE OF THE MOTHERS, in her haste to see the sight, has forgotten her BABY in the car. The baby wails. She retraces her steps, picks up the child and trots after the others.

B-15 MESA CLOSER TO CLIFF DWELLING

Two motorcycles ridden by TWO MEN, THEIR GIRLS on the rear saddle, bouncing along over the rough terrain. A couple of INDIAN SQUAWS are anxiously herding their frightened sheep out of the path of the motor bikes.

B-16 THE FEDERBER FAMILY

They are just beginning to establish themselves, having grabbed the best spot near the Cliff Dwelling. Aided by his wife and two boys, Mr. Federber is putting up two poles to hold up the awning stretching outward from his trailer.

B-17 THE CLIFF DWELLING

Here fifty or so on-lookers, held in check by TWO HIGHWAY PATROL COPS are gathered around the assembled equipment. From a truck on which is lettered: SMOLLETT CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, LOS BARRIOS, NEW MEXICO, workmen are unloading bulkhead and bracing timber, also steel cable, and carrying them into the entrance of the Cliff Dwelling. An ambulance is standing by, also a fire truck. TWO of the FIREMEN are setting up a hand-air pump. Another FIREMAN is carrying the hose, which unwinds from a large reel, into the cave.

B-18 CLOSER ON THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLIFF DWELLING

The Fireman with the oxygen hose meets Tatum and DOCTOR HILTON (a man about fifty) as they emerge. The Doctor is carrying his bag and both the men are dusty and sweaty from their journey underground.

B-18 (Cont'd)

FIREMAN

We'll have that air going in
about twenty minutes, Doctor.

DOCTOR

(Takes a deep breath)

I could use a little of it myself.

The Fireman disappears from sight. Dr. Hilton and
Tatum brush themselves off.

DR. HILTON

I'll send over some aureomycin.

TATUM

Thank you, Doctor. Every four
hours for that one, isn't it?

DR. HILTON

Yes. The caffeine if he feels
weak. And the demerol if the pain
gets bad. Say every three hours.

TATUM

Got you.

The two walk to Dr. Hilton's car.

DR. HILTON

As soon as I can get close enough,
I'll give him a shot of tetanus-
gas gangrene anti-toxin. But it's
all right for the time being --
in fact, any time within a week.
And we'll have him out before
that.

TATUM

Oh, sure. Pretty rugged customer,
isn't he?

DR. HILTON

Leo? They don't come any tougher.
Walked around with a burst appendix
for three days because he promised
to take his wife to a square dance.

Dr. Hilton has reached his car. By this time Herbie
has arrived and has parked next to Dr. Hilton's car.

DR. HILTON

(From his car)

As soon as you get him free I
can start to work on him. Call
me any time -- night or day.

B-18 (Cont'd)

TATUM

Certainly will. So long, Doctor.

As Dr. Hilton drives off, Herbie, newspaper in hand, steps out of the convertible.

HERBIE

Fine thing. Now I have to pay to see you. Read the paper?

TATUM

That I have, fan. Broke real good, huh?

HERBIE

Boot flashed a couple of hundred words over the wires. They came back for more. They want all we got.

TATUM

It figures.

HERBIE

And we wired all the Art, too. What a break for me! If this lasts, maybe LIFE'LL go for it. Or LOOK. One of those four-page spreads.

TATUM

You like it now, don't you?

HERBIE

(Off balance after his exuberance)

Well...everybody likes a break. We didn't make it happen.

Tatum looks away with a little smile. His eyes fall on SMOLLETT, the Construction Engineer -- a man in his fifties, with a hearty manner but furtive underneath. He is wearing a tin hat, as do his workmen.

TATUM

How does it look, Mr. Smollett?

SMOLLETT

Don't know yet. Lots of problems. We been figuring on some bulkheading and cross-bracing -- but those old walls ---

(Shakes his head)

--- I don't know.

B-18 (Cont'd)

He exits toward the entrance of the Cliff Dwelling.

TATUM

(To Herbie)

Seems like we'll be here for awhile.

HERBIE

Brought you enough for a couple of days. Couple of shirts, couple of shorts and a couple of bottles.

TATUM

Save them, fan. No booze - not for the duration.

There is the SOUND of a SIREN. The Deputy Sheriff in his car drives up to Tatum.

DEPUTY

(From car window)

Hey, you! The Sheriff wants to see you. Down at the Trading Post. Don't waste none of his time because he ain't staying long. And maybe you ain't either.

TATUM

You don't say.

DEPUTY

Wanna know something? He don't like you.

TATUM

Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. And I was going to propose to him.

B-19 INT. TRADING POST

START on an open cardboard box. Curled up in it is a baby rattlesnake. A HAND COMES IN, holding a piece of steak. The snake declines it, bored.

B-20 SHERIFF GUS KRETZER

He is seated alone in one of the booths. We know him from the election poster. A tall, husky man. A tough customer most of the time -- especially with a badge on his chest. It is his hand. The meat is what's left of the big steak breakfast he has just finished. He turns toward the counter.

(Continued)

B-20 (Cont'd)

KRETZER

He won't eat any steak. Maybe
he'd like some raw hamburger.
Or maybe some milk. He's only
a baby.

B-21 COUNTER

The place is humming. About fifteen or twenty
customers, some eating, others shopping for curios.
Lorraine is working at top speed between dishing
out short orders and drinks and selling Indian
trinkets.

LORRAINE

(Over her shoulder)

Try him with a lollipop.

She picks one up from some candy boxes on the counter
and tosses it toward the snake box.

B-22 KRETZER AND THE SNAKE

The lollipop lands in the box. Kretzer looks an-
noyed. Tatum ENTERS SHOT.

TATUM

Or how about my right arm?
He'd like that. You would, too.
Move over.

Tatum, without waiting for an invitation, squeezes
himself into the booth.

KRETZER

You're that Tatum guy that was
popping off over the phone last
night.

TATUM

Not popping off, Sheriff. Just
threatening. You play along with
me and I'll have you re-elected.
You don't and I'll crucify you.
That's all I said. Remember?

KRETZER

I think I'll have my boys take you
to the county line and throw you
out.

TATUM

Throw out your campaign manager?
You need plenty of help, Kretzer.

(Continued)

B-22 (Cont'd)

KRETZER

And maybe before I throw you out,
I'll toss you in the clink for
awhile.

TATUM

Wasting your time on a rattlesnake
hunt. This is where the votes are.

KRETZER

What do you know about votes? There's
seven here in Martinez. Seven hundred
up there. We had a big dinner and I
made a speech. A good speech. And
then we sat down to a little poker
game and you start bothering me.

TATUM

What did you have? A pair of deuces?
This is better. Here we've got an
ace in the hole.

B-23 COUNTER

There are more customers than before. A couple of
DELIVERY MEN, wearing long white coats -- on the
back, LOS BARRIOS MARKET -- come in carrying cartons
of provisions.

LORPAINE

What kept you boys? Take it in
the kitchen, will you? That way.

She points to the rear door. The neighbor's boy
who has been collecting parking fees comes in and
dumps a handkerchief full of quarters on the counter.
Lorraine hurries to the elder Minosas' bedroom door.

B-24 THE ELDER MINOSAS' BEDROOM

Sharp contrast with the noise and bustle in the
shop. Mama Minosa is seated at the foot of her
brass bed. She is distraught and forlorn. Her
eyes are moist. Lorraine sticks her head in.

LORRAINE

Come on, Mama, I need some help.
We're swamped out here.

Lorraine disappears. Mama rises and goes slowly
toward the shop, dabbing at her eyes.

B-25

BOOTH WITH TATUM AND SHERIFF KRETZER

TATUM

Now how does this strike you, Sheriff? By tomorrow I'll have your name all over the paper. The man who rushed here at the first cry for help, to direct the rescue operations, blah, blah, blah. By Tuesday everyone in the State will know you as Gus Kretzer, the tireless public servant who never spares himself, blah, blah, blah. I'll pile it on every day. Six days of this and I'll have you a hero. The election's in the bag. In the bag? The guy who's running against you will vote for you.

KRETZER

Okay, I'm a hero. What do I make you?

TATUM

Here's the deal. The way things look, there's going to be other newspaper men trying to horn in on this story. A lot of them -- maybe all the way from New York. This is my story. I want to keep it mine. And you're going to help me.

B-26

TOWARD FRONT DOOR

Papa Minosa, followed by Herbie, carrying Tatum's suitcase, enters. Papa Minosa spots Tatum and goes to him. Herbie tags along looking around at the transformation in the place.

PAPA MINOSA

Mr. Tatum, we're moving you into our room. It's a good, comfortable bed.

TATUM

No, Mr. Minosa. I don't want to put anybody out.

PAPA MINOSA

Mama and I will be fine. Don't worry, please. This is a great honor.

(Continued)

B-26 (Cont'd)

TATUM

If you insist. Unpack for me,
Herbie, will you. And stand by.
We're going to take some pictures
of the Sheriff.

Herbie and Papa Minosa move away. Smollett enters
SHOT, sees Tatum and walks toward booth. He is
exhausted, takes off his hat, mops his face.

SMOLLETT

Guess I'm getting too old to
crawl around in there.

(Calls off)

How about a cup of coffee?

B-27 THE BOOTH

Smollett seats himself. Tatum and Kretzer eye him
silently.

TATUM

What's the latest?

SMOLLETT

Not too good. There must be a
pretty deep fault underneath there,
or it wouldn't have caved in.

TATUM

How long is it going to take?

SMOLLETT

Of course we haven't been able to
get all the way in. There's a lot
of shoring to do first. That means
getting those bulkhead timbers placed
right. And then there's all that
cross-bracing...

TATUM

How long?

SMOLLETT

When we get that done, we ought to
be able to start operating -- moving
those heavy slabs and stones so the
whole shebang doesn't crash in on
us -- and on him.

KRETZER

How long?

(Continued)

SMOLLETT

I can't tell you exactly, but I don't see how we can do it under sixteen hours.

There is a pregnant silence. Tatum and Kretzer glance at each other.

TATUM

(Shaking his head)

Uh. Uh.

SMOLLETT

Well, maybe I can do it in twelve hours if I send for a second crew. Although some of the men don't want to work on account of that jinx you wrote about.

TATUM

Look, Mr. Smollett, I'm no engineer, but the way you want to do it -- those crumbling walls and piles of stones -- isn't that kind of dangerous for your men?

SMOLLETT

Not after we get the walls braced.

Lorraine has brought in the coffee for Smollett. After setting it on the table she goes to the next booth, which has been vacated, listening as she clears the table.

TATUM

Suppose we set up a drill on top of the mountain. And go straight down.

SMOLLETT

Cut through all that rock? Do you know how long that would take?

TATUM

You tell me.

SMOLLETT

Six, maybe seven days. It's a great big job.

TATUM

Got any drills like that?

SMOLLETT

Yes, sir. But it's not necessary. Once we get that back part shored up, I think --

(Continued)

B-27 (Cont'd)

KRETZER

You're thinking too much, Sam.
Let Mr. Tatum do the thinking.

SMOLLETT

Well, I think he's all wrong.

KRETZER

Sam, you're thinking again. A few years ago you were a truck driver. Now that I'm Sheriff, you're a contractor. Do you want to be a truck driver again?

SMOLLETT

(Slowly)

All right, Gus. If that's the way you want it, I'll set up the drill. But that fellow in there -- seven days...

TATUM

I know what's in your mind, Mr. Smollett. And it does you credit. Leo's a rugged boy. The doctor told me that himself. And he'll have the best of care. So don't worry.

B-28 LORRAINE

slowly walks back to the counter, CAMERA WITH HER. Her face is serious. She knows damn well what game is being played and what the score is. When she reaches the crowded counter, a man raps for attention, a bank note in his hand.

MAN

Hey, lady! Don't you want to be paid? We had four hamburgers and four coffee.

LORRAINE

That'll be one-twenty.

MAN

Can you change a fifty?

Lorraine takes the fifty dollar bill, goes to cash register, rings it up. It is plenty loaded by now. As she counts out the change she looks over to:

B-29 BOOTH - TATUM, KERTZER AND SMOLLETT

Herbie enters SHOT carrying his Graflex which he readies for a shot.

HERBIE

How about one here, Chuck?

Kretzer instantly straightens his tie, takes off his hat and puts on his grin.

(Continued)

B-29 (Cont'd)

TATUM

(Rises and stands apart
from the others)

Okay, fan. And get me a few of Mr.
Smollett -- the man whose know-how
is going to save the life of Leo
Minosa.

(To Smollett)

You'll be the biggest contractor
in this part of the state, I bet you.

(Slaps his back)

Now let's get that drill. See you,
gentlemen. A lot of work to do.

He makes his way through the crowded shop toward his
newly assigned room.

B-30 LORRAINE

dishing up a couple of hot dogs and a pack of
cigarettes to customers, looks after Tatum.

B-31 TATUM'S ROOM - (Hitherto referred to as THE ELDER
MINOSAS' BEDROOM)

Tatum enters, looks around. Herbie has unpacked his
things. Shirts, shorts, Sox and handkerchiefs. They
lie neatly arranged on the bed. On the plain wood
table is his typewriter, together with the pages he
typed at dawn, and the family album. Tatum's eyes
fall on the old-fashioned heater stove in the center
of the room. On top of it stand two bottles of
whiskey. Tatum slowly walks toward the stove, his
gaze fixed on the booze. He circles the stove, then,
resisting temptation, walks to his typewriter, stands
and looks over the assembled material.

The door opens, Lorraine enters, closing the door
behind her.

TATUM

Yes?

Lorraine stands there.

TATUM

Come on, come on, what is it?

LORRAINE

I've met a lot of hard-boiled eggs
in my life, but you - you're twenty
minutes.

B-31 (Cont'd)

TATUM

That a boost or a knock? Because
I haven't time to figure it out.

LORRAINE

(Moving toward him)

I'm doing my own figuring. Took
in seventy bucks so far. By tonight
it ought to be a hundred and fifty.
Seven times a hundred and fifty --
say, that's over a grand. The first
grand I ever had. Thanks.

She moves still closer to him.

LORRAINE

Thanks a lot.

With his finger he pushes her away about eight inches,
ever so lightly.

TATUM

Look, Mrs., your husband is stuck
under a mountain. You're worried
sick. That's the way the story
goes. Now get the smile off your
face.

LORRAINE

It's been a nice day, Chuck. I
feel like smiling.

TATUM

You heard me! Get it off.

LORRAINE

Make me.

She turns the smile up full blast, provocatively.
Tatum looks at her for a moment then slaps her face
hard, twice; with the back and the palm of his hand.
She steps back, stares at him, the tears welling.

TATUM

That's more like it.

She raises her hand to wipe away the tears.

TATUM

And don't wipe those tears. That's
the way you're supposed to look.
Now go on back and peddle your
hamburgers.

She puts her hands down, turns around slowly and
walks toward the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE B

SEQUENCE C

FADE IN:

C-1 THE CAVE-IN

There is quite a change there, although Leo is still pinned in the same position. He has lost weight. There is a three days growth on his hollow face. His eyes are heavy and listless. A bare electric bulb has been installed and suspended from a hook in the wall. By means of the hose, fresh air is being pumped in at regular intervals.

He has been made as comfortable as possible. There are plenty of blankets, a large thermos of coffee, another of water and a hamper of food. On top of the hamper are a small clock and three bottles of pills. Strewn about are some copies of the Albuquerque Sun-Bulletin. Stuck onto the wall near the bulb is a torn-out newsphoto of Lorraine.

His legs pain him more than ever, but his real torture is the maddening noise from the great drill above as it cuts slowly through the rock. It is like the distant roar of thunder as it reverberates insistently through the maze of chambers.

He looks at the clock, takes a pill from one of the bottles, pours a glass of water and is about to swallow the medicine when the sound intensifies. A little shower of sand falls over him. He picks up the electric light and holds it aloft toward the caved-in ceiling. It is trembling under the ceaseless pounding from above.

C-2 THE BIG DRILL

A towering derrick, driven by a large gas engine, is set on the ledge above the Cliff Dwelling. Now that we are outside, we hear the full roar of the drilling operation. About THIRTY WORKMEN are busy at the job under the supervision of Smollett.

Smollett steps to a P. A. system which has been installed on the ledge and gives his order: "Ready with those casings?"

RADIO REPORTER'S VOICE
This is station WAL, Albuquerque, Pete Kirby speaking and bringing you once again another on-the-spot report of the Leo Minosa Rescue Operation. Since the operation began three days ago, the drill has cut its way fifty-seven feet closer to Leo. Fifty-seven feet, eight inches to be exact.

C-2 (Cont'd)

From below a voice answers: "Ready."

Smollett lowers his hand as a signal to the ENGINEER operating the hoist. A steel cable pulley is lowered. PAN DOWN with the pulley.

At the FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN another CREW has established a field depot of tools, lumber, steel casings and gas drums.

CONTINUE TO PAN over the ENTIRE MESA. The show is playing to a big audience. By this time there is an appearance of organization. Approximately thirty tents have sprung up in one section. About three hundred cars, trucks and trailers are parked in orderly array, and SEVEN HUNDRED PEOPLE are held to restricted areas by POLICE. Still more cars are streaming in.

Electric light and telephone wires have been strung to different vantage points.

VENDORS of all sorts are having a field day.

RADIO REPORTER'S VOICE
You have just heard the voice of Sam Smollett, the man who is in charge of the drilling job. This man, with his great experience in big construction projects, is tirelessly working with his crew of volunteer rescue workers in this battle against stubborn rock and fleeting time, with a human life at stake. Ladies and gentlemen, I want to say a few words right here about these volunteers. I have never seen men go into battle with greater determination. They show a spirit of self-sacrifice that makes me proud to be a human being. If anyone can lick this -- this Curse of the Mountain of the Seven Vultures -- they can; especially under the leadership of Sam Smollett and Sheriff Gus Kretzer, who has never left his post here, night or day. More power to them. Something phenomenal is going on here, folks, right in front of this old, this four-hundred-year-old Cliff Dwelling. A new community is springing up. A veritable town of tents and trucks and trailers and thousands of people. Standing here, I can pick out license plates from Arizona, California, Texas, Oklahoma -- even some from as far away as Ohio. There's one from Oregon. And more cars pouring in all the time. The highway's solid with them in both directions, as far as the eye can see.

C-3 AN INDIAN HOGAN

It has been converted into Press Headquarters. Through the primitive, open air-hole in the center of the roof, LINESMEN are stringing dozens of telephone and telegraph wires. Telephone instruments and Morse keyboards are being carried in. AN INDIAN FAMILY is watching the transformation.

C-4 THE CLIFF DWELLING

A rope has been stretched across the entrance. EIGHT ARMED DEPUTIES are on duty to keep the crowd back. The ambulance and fire engines are still there. The air pump is in constant operation. A MAN with a stock of cheap, collapsible chairs, is peddling them to the footsore and weary. Some CHILDREN are buying balloons from ANOTHER VENDOR. A THIRD VENDOR is selling Japanese paper parasols -- a much wanted item in the boiling sun.

RADIO REPORTER'S VOICE
And although this city is only three days old, it is already on the map in a big way. Top-flight reporters and feature-writers and photographers from the biggest papers in the country are here, with more arriving every day. The most outstanding of these newspaper people is, of course, Chuck Tatum, the courageous reporter who first made contact with Leo last Saturday. Since then, he has visited Leo two and three times a day, risking his life every time in order to bring the trapped man food and comfort. Tatum and Dr. Hilton, the Minosas' family physician, are the only two people allowed to make the dangerous descent. Incidentally, the Sheriff has requested me to ask all of you to refrain from phoning in to make inquiries and to offer your help. You're jamming the lines.

C-5 A RADIO TRUCK SOMEWHERE NEAR THE CLIFF DWELLING

It is only now that we see the RADIO REPORTER himself, speaking into a hand-microphone. About THIRTY or FORTY PEOPLE are standing around listening to his spiel. Among them are Mr. Federber and his wife, carrying a Navajo rug which she had just bought. The two boys are wearing trailing feathered Indian headdresses, also bought from one of the VENDORS. They are both licking ice cream cones. OTHER KIDS have balloons and some of the GROWNUPS are munching popcorn.

(Continued)

C-5

(Cont'd)

RADIO REPORTER

I can assure you everything humanly possible is being done and we have more than enough volunteer rescue workers for the present. Later on we'll try to get Mr. Hoffman on this mike to tell us about the progress being made. In the meantime, I'm sure you'll want to hear from some of the folks who have gathered to hope and pray for Leo's rescue.

(He looks about him

and spots Mr. Federber)

What is your name, sir?

MR. FEDERBER

Federber. Al Federber.

RADIO REPORTER

What business are you in, Mr. Federber?

MR. FEDERBER

In the insurance game. In Gallup.

RADIO REPORTER

Now speak up, Mr. Federber. Right into the mike, please.

MR. FEDERBER

(Louder)

We're from Gallup. This is Mrs. Federber -- and the boys.

RADIO REPORTER

It's a very wonderful thing to see a man and his family come a long way to join us here during these anxious days.

MR. FEDERBER

Well sir, I didn't exactly what you call join. I heard you talking to some other people on the radio last night -- we were sitting in our trailer over there having supper -- and they said they were the first people here. Now, I hate to call anybody a liar, but that just plain isn't so. My wife will bear me out. Nellie, who were the first people here? --

(Motioning to mike)

-- tell them.

MRS. FEDERBER

Why, we were. I wouldn't lie about a thing like that.

(Continued)

C-5 (Cont'd)

RADIO REPORTER

I'm sure you wouldn't, Mrs. Federber. Now, Mr. Federber, what's your reaction to the wonderful job being done here?

MR. FEDERBER

I think it's wonderful. I run up against accidents all the time. I know what I'm talking about. I'm in the insurance game, myself. Never can tell when an accident's going to happen. I sure hope Leo had the good sense to provide for an emergency like this. Take my outfit. The Pacific All-Risk. Now, we have a little policy that covers --

RADIO REPORTER

(Stopping him)

Thank you, Mr. Federber.

(Looks at watch)

Sorry we have to interrupt three on-the-spot interviews, but I see it's nearly time for Mr. Tatum to make his first visit of the day to Leo. Please stand by while we move our microphone closer to the Cliff Dwelling. We'll try to get Mr. Tatum to say a few words to you when he reaches there.

C-6 EXT. TRADING POST

About thirty cars are parked outside. A goodly number of people are coming and going from the Lunch Room, which is packed to capacity.

In the foreground is a big gasoline delivery truck filling up the reservoir under the pumps. Lorraine, dressed simply in a dark skirt and white blouse, is taking off the rubber band from a wad of bank notes to pay the truckman.

From the inside, Tatum and Herbie come out, the latter with a Leica slung over his shoulder, each with a folded newspaper in his pocket. The two proceed to the Deputy Sheriff's car which stands in readiness, the Deputy waiting with the door open. Tatum notices Lorraine.

TATUM

(To Herbie)

Get in, fan. Be with you in a minute.

Herbie gets into the Deputy's car.

(Continued)

C-6

(Cont'd)

Tatum goes toward Lorraine, who looks up as he approaches, the wad of money still in her hand.

TATUM

Mrs. Minosa...

LORRAINE

Yes, Mr. Tatum...

With his eyes he indicates he wants to talk with her alone. Together they move away a couple of steps.

TATUM

Look, they're having a Rosary at that little Church this evening. I want you to be there.

LORRAINE

I don't go to Church. Kneeling bags my nylons.

TATUM

(Indicating money in her hand)

Aren't you making enough dough to buy yourself another pair? You're going to be there, understand, because I'm sending Herbie down to get a couple of shots.

LORRAINE

Okay. But only because you wrote me up so pretty in today's paper. (She lifts the paper in his pocket a few inches, pushes it back)

You can sure make with the words. (Quoting with relish)

"A figure of fair-haired loveliness in the lengthening shadows of the cursed mountain."

TATUM

Don't kid yourself. Tomorrow this'll be yesterday's paper and they'll wrap a fish in it.

As he turns to leave, she looks at him squarely.

LORRAINE

And another thing, Mister. Don't ever slap me again. I may get to like it.

Tatum turns on his heel and goes. Lorraine watches him while he gets into the Deputy's car. The Officer drives them away, his SIREN BLARING to clear the way.

(Continued)

C-6

(Cont'd)

Tatum goes toward Lorraine, who looks up as he approaches, the wad of money still in her hand.

TATUM

Mrs. Minosa...

LORRAINE

Yes, Mr. Tatum...

With his eyes he indicates he wants to talk with her alone. Together they move away a couple of steps.

TATUM

Look. I want you to go up on that rock and take the drillers their lunch -- personally.

LORRAINE

Up there? Me? Nah. The altitude gives me a nosebleed.

TATUM

(Indicating money
in her hand)

So what. You're making enough dough to buy yourself a tank of plasma.

(He taps the side of
the gasoline truck)

You're going to climb up there, understand, because I'll have Herbie there to get a couple of shots.

LORRAINE

Okay. But only because you wrote me up so pretty in today's paper.

(She lifts the paper in
his pocket a few inches,
pushes it back)

You can sure make with the words.

(Quoting with relish)

"A figure of fair-haired loveliness in the lengthening shadows of the cursed mountain."

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Dont' kid yourself. Tomorrow this'll be yesterday's paper and they'll wrap a fish in it.

As he turns to leave, she looks at him squarely.

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(Continued)

C-6 (Cont'd)

PAN WITH the Deputy's car through the GATE. By now the parking fee has been raised to FIFTY CENTS. More and more cars are pouring through, among them a Television Truck with the call letters of an Albuquerque Station. The SIREN brings the flow of traffic to a momentary stop. The Deputy's car weaves through the Gate into the Mesa.

C-7 INT. DEPUTY SHERIFF'S CAR DRIVING UP THE MESA

Tatum takes a flashlight from his hip pocket, flicks it a couple of times to check the battery. Herbie is reading the headlines in his paper aloud.

HERBIE

I'LL MAKE IT, SAYS LEO... DRILLERS
HALF-WAY... VOWS WILL BEAT INDIAN
HOODOO.

(He looks up)

Everybody's calling him by his
first name now. He'll like that.

TATUM

Did you buy the cigars for Leo?

HERBIE

Real Havana. The best I could
find in Albuquerque.

He hands six to Tatum who puts them into his pocket.

TATUM

Got a job for you, fan. Pick up
Mrs. Minosa -- Lorraine, I mean --
make sure she gets to that Church
this evening. I want a picture
of her with her beads... If she
hasn't got any, get some for her.

HERBIE

Sure. And what if we could run
it with a picture of a Medicine
Man -- you know, with the fancy
headdress and all the trimmings --
exorcising all the Evil Spirits.
I could take a run over to the
Indian Reservation...

(CONTINUED)

C-6

(Cont'd)

PAN WITH the Deputy's car through the GATE. By now the parking fee has been raised to FIFTY CENTS. More and more cars are pouring through, among them a Television Truck with the call letters of an Albuquerque Station. The SIREN brings the flow of traffic to a momentary stop. The Deputy's car weaves through the Gate into the Mesa.

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TATUM

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HERBIE

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in Albuquerque.

He hands six to Tatum who puts them into his pocket.

TATUM

Got a job for you, fan. Mrs. Minosa --
Lorraine, I mean -- is taking chow to
those drillers up on the hill. Get a
shot of her. One of those things
against the sky --

(Suiting action to the
words)

-- with her eyes raised up. Spiritual.
You know...

HERBIE

I get it. I get it. And what if we
should run it with a picture of a
Medicine Man -- you know with the
fancy headdress and all the trimmings
-- exorcising all the Evil Spirits.
I could take a run over to the Indian
Reservation...

(Continued)

C-7

(Cont'd)

TATUM

Now you're clicking, fan. That's got a message.

HERBIE

Thanks. When I take your copy into Albuquerque this evening --

TATUM

No more copy. Not for Boet, anyhow.

Herbie looks at him, mystified.

TATUM

As of now, I'm not working for the Albuquerque Sun-Bulletin. Neither are you. We've quit.

HERBIE

We did? Both of us?

TATUM

That's it, fan. Hope it's all right with you.

HERBIE

Sure, Chuck, it's all right with me. There isn't anything you could do wrong as far as I'm concerned.

TATUM

(Uncomfortably)

Yeah.

HERBIE

But I still don't get it. Quit in the middle of a story -- when it's snow-balling like this.

TATUM

That's exactly the time to do it, Herbie Boy. They've been lapping it up -- every word -- every paper from New York to Los Angeles. So now we turn off the spigot. Just like that.

(Turns off an imaginary spigot)

Watch them with their tongues out.

(To Deputy Sheriff, driving)

Stop at that hogan, will you. Let's see the Gentlemen of the Press.

C-8

INT. PRESS HOGAN

The wires from the opening in the room are connected to batteries of telephones, teletypes and telegraph instruments. TWO TELEGRAPHERS are working at two keys. The teletypes are clicking intermittently. About

(Continued)

C-8

(Cont'd)

EIGHT OTHER MEN -- all big-shot Reporters -- are gathered around Kretzer, in the midst of a stormy interview. In the foreground are McCARDLE, MORGAN and JESSOP, leading the attack.

KRETZER

Look, boys, I don't care where you come from -- New York, Philadelphia, Chicago -- or the Moon. Nobody goes down to see Leo.

JESSOP

What about Tatum?

KRETZER

It's out of bounds, boys, because it's dangerous down there. Because a wall could fall on you. Because I'm Sheriff and because I'm responsible for everybody's safety.

MORGAN

What about Tatum?

KRETZER

Out of bounds. You heard me.

McCARDLE

What about Tatum?

KRETZER

You're repeatin' yourself.

(Looks around)

Nice little place I fixed you up here. Be a shame to cut all those wires and kick you out.

McCARDLE

Don't try it, Mr. Sheriff. We wouldn't take that kind of guff from J. Edgar Hoover, let alone from you. We came all the way out here to do a job and we're going to do it.

KRETZER

Out of bounds.

McCARDLE

Now you're repeating yourself. How come it isn't out of bounds for Tatum? How come he goes in as much as he wants to? What about Tatum?

(Continued)

C-8

(Cont'd)

During this the Deputy Sheriff's car has stopped outside the Hogan. Tatum and Herbie get out and enter.

TATUM

That's right, what about Tatum?
Howdy, fans. Why, it's like old
home week. Glad to see you, Mac.

(To Herbie)

Mr. McCardle. Used to work together in New York

(To Jessop)

And if it isn't Jessop -- big-hearted Mickey Jessop. Thanks for the fifty bucks you didn't send me.

(To Herbie)

Guess he didn't get my wire.

(To Morgan)

And what do you know -- Josh Morgan. Where was it? Boston -- Chicago -- all I know is he's got a hernia.

McCARDLE

Sitting pretty, aren't you, Chuck? Everything sewed up. Leo. The Sheriff. Try to talk to the Father or the Mother or the Wife -- and what do we get? See Tatum. See Tatum!

KRETZER

He's a friend of the family.

TATUM

What's your beef, fans? You're smart cookies. Big city newspaper men. There's a lot of good stories lying around here. All yours. The weather. The crowds. The Indians. Inside stuff -- how they weave a rug.

McCARDLE

Cut it out, Chuck. We're all buddies. We're all in the same boat.

TATUM

I'm in the boat. You're in the water. Now let's see you swim, buddies.

MORGAN

Tatum, I always knew you were a louse.

TATUM

Easy, Mr. Morgan. You're talking to an officer of the law.

(Continued)

C-8 (Cont'd)

Nonchalantly he flips back his jacket revealing a Deputy Sheriff's Badge pinned to his shirt.

McCARDLE

That tin badge will do you no good.
We've launched a protest with your
publisher.

TATUM

Launch it with the Sheriff. He's
my superior.

McCARDLE

All right, we'll take this all the
way to Santa Fe. To the Governor.
And you know what he'll do.

TATUM

You bet I do. He's a fine man and
he'll take action. He'll phone the
Sheriff.

KRETZER

And I'll write back to him and say
I'm doing my duty.

TATUM

(To McCardle)

Then you talk to the Governor again
and he'll talk to the Attorney General
and for all I know, they'll throw me
out. Only by this time, buddies,
you're welcome to it. Because Leo
will be out and the story is finished.
Over. Done.

(Looks at watch)

Excuse me, gentlemen, Leo is expecting
me.

(He moves toward the door,
then turns back)

Just so you don't think I'm a complete
louse, I do have some news for you.
Put it on the teletypes. Tell your
papers Chuck Tatum is available.
Looks like there's going to be three
or four more days of hot copy. Exclu-
sive. And Tatum is sitting on it.
So let's hear their bids.

(To Herbie)

Come on, fan.

Tatum and Herbie, followed by Kretzer, exit.

C-9)

C-10)

THE RADIO TRUCK NEAR THE CORDON OUTSIDE THE CLIFF DWELLING

The Radio Reporter, with a ring of listeners around him, is interviewing a new group. Among them is Smollett, the Construction Boss, all worn out and sweaty, A MIDDLE AGE SPINSTER with one of the Japanese parasols and A VETERAN MINER.

SMOLLETT

(Into mike)

Yes, I feel sure we can keep up this present speed of drilling. Of course, it's hard to say what we might run into. You hit rock, then those layers of shale ... it's what we call a stratified formation, and that means changing the bit pretty often --

RADIO REPORTER

(Interrupting)

Wait just a second, sir. There's Mr. Tatum on his way into the Cliff Dwelling. I'm going to try to get him to this microphone.

(Shouting)

Mr. Tatum! Mr. Tatum!

Tatum sees the Radio Reporter interviewing Smollett and stops.

RADIO REPORTER

Mr. Tatum, could you spare us a few moments, please. Just a word or two about Leo and the way things look to you down there.

Tatum has made his way to the Radio Reporter.

TATUM

We're making progress -- good progress. Naturally, every second counts in this rescue operation and I am sure your radio audience will excuse me -- as well as Mr. Smollett, here, so he can get back to his post at the drill.

Tatum starts to lead Smollett away.

MINER

I don't know why you have to use a drill at all. You don't have to go from the top. There's a quicker way to get that man out.

(Continued)

C-9)

C-10) Cont'd)

Tatum and Smollett turn around to look at the Miner.

RADIO REPORTER

What's your name, sir?

MINER

My name is Kuzak. Did a lot of mining in my day. Silver mining, that is -- up in Virginia City. The way I see it --

RADIO REPORTER

(Holding mike to him)

Go on, Mr. Kuzak. We're very much interested.

MINER

We had cave-ins. Quite a few of them. One of them I know of farther in than yours.

TATUM

Were you ever in a cave-in yourself, Mr. Kuzak?

MINER

No, not personally.

The Spinster pushes herself forward with determination.

SPINSTER

Well, I was. 'Course you might not call it a cave-in, but I was stuck in an elevator once, in the store I worked in, between the basement and the sub-basement. It was six hours before they got me out. Had to do it with one of those blow-torches. Right from the top. Just like here.

RADIO REPORTER

That's quite helpful, Ma'am. Thank you very much.

SMOLLETT

I'm afraid I've gotta be gettin' back to my crew.

MINER

As I was trying to say, we didn't have a big drill and we didn't need it. Just hauled in timber, shored up the walls all the way back. If we did it that way in Virginia City, why can't we do it here.

(Continued)

SMOLLETT

(Blustering)

You're not telling me anything
I don't know. I know all about
shoring and bracing.

TATUM

(Stepping in - to Kuzak)

Mr. Kuzak, this is a Cliff
Dwelling, not a silver mine.

MINER

I think it's all the same. A
man's underground and you got to
get him out.

TATUM

Well, did you get your man out,
Mr. Kuzak.

MINER

(Shakes his head ruefully)

I'm afraid we didn't. We
were too late.

The little tension which Kuzak had built up subsides.

TATUM

Well, then suppose you let
Mr. Smollett do it his way.
From the top.

RADIO REPORTER

Thank you, Mr. Tatum. Thank you
very much. And thank you, Mr.
Smollett. I know I speak for my
entire radio audience when I ex-
press my great admiration for both
of you. Mr. Tatum is now approach-
ing the entrance to the Cliff Dwelling
to start one more of his perilous
journeys through the underground
mazes of this dread mountain. As
he waves to the crowd you can hear
the tremendous cheer...

C-11 TATUM - TOWARD THE CROWD

As he disappears into the Cliff Dwelling, the Crowd
wave their hands and set up a great cheer.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-12 THE CAVE-IN

Leo is lying very still, his eyes open, listening to the maddeningly monotonous rhythm of the drill working above him. Suddenly, on his chest land the half-dozen cigars, which Herbie had given Tatum. He looks at the cigars, then glances up. Tatum has just arrived.

TATUM

Hi-ya, Leo. What do you say?

LEO

(Wan smile)

You're five minutes late this morning.

TATUM

Sorry. What's the matter? You haven't eaten anything.

LEO

I'm not hungry.

TATUM

Did you take your pills?

LEO

Sure.

TATUM

This afternoon when the Doctor comes, you can give yourself another injection.

LEO

I don't want any injection. It's that drill!

TATUM

You've got to keep telling yourself, Leo, they're getting closer all the time.

LEO

I can't stand it. Never stops. Like someone driving crooked nails through my head. Listen to it. It's enough to wake up the dead, if they're not awake anyhow, those mummies ...

TATUM

Stop it, Leo! ... Here, I brought you the paper.

(He tosses it down)

(Continued)

C-12 (Cont'd)

LEO

Thanks.

(He puts it to one side)

Yesterday I read there was two
thousand people outside.

TATUM

Today there's over three thousand.

LEO

(Shakes his head, puzzled)

Who are they? What do they want?

TATUM

They're your friends.

LEO

Yeah. I guess everybody's got a lot
of friends they don't even know about.
Like those guys drilling for me. Or
like you, Chuck. I didn't even know
you were alive this time last week.
Now you're my friend. And I think
you're my best friend.

Tatum, for a moment, does not trust himself to
speak.

TATUM

Light up one of those cigars. They're
real Havanas.

LEO

I don't feel like smoking.

TATUM

Leo, when we get you out of here,
I'll be going to New York, more
than likely.

LEO

(Anxiously)

Then I won't be seeing you any more?

TATUM

I was just about to say -- when I'm
in New York, I'll bring you on to
visit me for a couple of weeks -- or
as long as you want. Stay right with
me. Ever been in New York?

LEO

No. Been in Baltimore. Never in New York.

(Continued)

C-12 (Cont'd)

TATUM

We're going to have a great time.
Going to live it up a little.
You'll see.

LEO

New York. Lorraine told me a lot
about New York. Does she talk
about me? Is she upset?

TATUM

Sure. Everybody's upset about
you.

LEO

Say, Chuck, what day is this?

TATUM

Wednesday.

LEO

Any chance of them getting me out
by Friday? Because Friday is some-
thing special.

TATUM

We're doing all we can.

LEO

Because it's going to be five
years that Lorraine and I were
married. You know, things haven't
been so good between us. Maybe
this will make a difference. May-
be we can start all over again.
Maybe I can take her along on that
trip to New York?... She's so
pretty.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-13 THE MESA - (DAY) - FROM INSIDE THE GATE

In the foreground Lorraine is standing in the bright sunlight, the breeze from the Mesa blowing her dress. Her face is serious as she watches the trucks of a motorized carnival -- THE GREAT S. & M. AMUSEMENT CORPORATION -- garishly decorated vehicles with their cargoes of Merry-Go-Round, Ferris Wheel and other amusement devices.

Papa Minosa makes his way between the trucks and comes limping toward Lorraine. He looks sick with horror and outrage.

PAPA MINOSA

We can't let them come in here,
Lorraine -- not a carnival!

LORRAINE

Quiet, Papa. I told them it was
all right.

PAPA MINOSA

It's not all right. I won't have
them here.

LORRAINE

They're paying for it. Good money.

(Continued)

C-13 (Cont'd)

PAPA MINOSA
(Pointing to mesa)
Look at them! Selling balloons
here. Ice cream. Hot dogs.

LORRAINE
Everybody's paying for it.

PAPA MINOSA
Why don't we just lock up this place!
Tell everybody to go home!

LORRAINE
They won't go home. They'll only
park on the other side of the high-
way and eat some place else. Why
shouldn't we get something out of it?

PAPA MINOSA
I don't want their money. All I
want is Leo.

LORRAINE
Who do you think the money is for?
It's for him when he comes out. He
always wanted to make some improve-
ments around here. Build some cabins
for tourists. Buy a new car. Have
a little money in the bank. It'll
make things easier for him. Doesn't
that make sense, Papa?

There is a SOUND OF A SIREN. The Deputy Sheriff's
car with Tatum in it is coming toward the Gate from
the mesa. Papa Minosa stops the car. Tatum looks
dusty and unkempt from his visit to Leo.

PAPA MINOSA
Mr. Tatum, please -- how is he?

TATUM
Pretty good.

PAPA MINOSA
Does it hurt him bad? Does he eat?
Is he getting any sleep?

TATUM
Sure. You ought to see him. Smoking
a cigar. Reading the paper. Making
plans.

(Continued)

C-13 (Cont'd)

PAPA MINOSA

All the Doctor says is he's doing as well as can be expected. What does that mean?

LORRAINE

It means he's going to be fine. It means everything's going to be fine. Doesn't it, Mr. Tatum?

Tatum gives her a blank look, motions the Deputy to drive on. The car proceeds to drive through the gate, Cops stopping the incoming traffic.

C-14 EXT. TRADING POST

Tatum's car drives up. He gets out and threads his way through the congestion to the Trading Post.

C-15 INT. TRADING POST

It is filled to capacity. THREE WAITRESSES have been put to work and A COUPLE OF SALES GIRLS are behind the Curio Counter. Tatum comes in and pushes his way through the crowd, who ad lib questions about Leo: "How is he?" "Did you see him?" "Is he holding out?" "What did he have to say?" "When do you think we'll get him out?" Without answering Tatum reaches his room and goes in.

C-16 INT. TATUM'S ROOM

The bed is unmade, the floor is strewn with open newspapers. On his typewriter table are two newly installed telephones, telegrams and half-finished copy. Also a coffeepot, a cup half full and an unfinished sandwich. On top of the stove are the two bottles of whiskey, untouched. Two holy candles in small glasses are flickering very low in front of Madonna.

Tatum enters, takes off his jacket, throws it on the bed, slips off his suspenders letting them dangle and starts to pull his shirt out of his trousers. His eyes fall on the whiskey. He takes one of the bottles, rips off the seal, looks around for a glass, crosses to the washstand. There he removes the toothbrush from a glass and pours himself a stiff drink.

Suddenly he sees Boot standing in a far corner of the room watching him. The bottle freezes in his hand.

BOOT

Go ahead. I guess you need a drink.

(Continued)

C-16 (Cont'd)

TATUM

Care to join me?

(Scans the room)

Looks like the only other glass we
have is one of those candle jiggers.(He points to the holy
candles in front of
Madonna)

BOOT

Sensational copy you've been sending
in.

TATUM

Glad you like it.

BOOT

Had to get out an extra every day.
Circulation jumped eight thousand.

TATUM

What did you come down for? To pin
a medal on me?

BOOT

(Points to Deputy's
badge on Tatum's shirt)You've got a medal. And I know how
you got it.

TATUM

What else do you know?

BOOT

Heard a few things in Albuquerque
about how you're handling this story.
I didn't like it. Now that I'm here
I like it even less.

TATUM

Suppose you stop beating around the
bush.

BOOT

Tatum, you've been putting a halo
around that Kretzer Sheriff so you
could hog the whole story. That's
the setup, isn't it?

TATUM

(Relieved)

Oh. For a minute you had me scared.
I thought I did something real bad.

(Continued)

C-16 (Cont'd)

He takes a drink.

BOOT

You have. Kretzer should be kicked out -- not re-elected. One of these days I'll get the facts and print them. I think he's corrupt, rotten, no good.

TATUM

He's been good to me. So there'll be one more crooked sheriff in the world. Who cares?

BOOT

I do. I don't make deals -- not in my paper -- even if it does sell eight thousand more a day.

One of the telephones rings. Tatum answers it.

TATUM

(Into phone)

Hello...Who in Chicago?...Tell them Mr. Tatum will be ready to talk in half an hour.

(Hangs up phone)

TATUM

Now then, Mr. Boot -- I sent you a wire this morning. Apparently you didn't get it.

BOOT

No, I didn't.

TATUM

Because you could have saved yourself the trip. I've quit. I'm not working for you any more.

BOOT

(After a brief pause)

I'm sorry to hear that, Chuck.

TATUM

No, you're not. I'm not your kind of newspaper man. I don't belong in your office -- not with that embroidered sign on the wall. It gets in my way.

BOOT

Then it does bother you a little.

C-16 (Cont'd)

TATUM

Not enough to stop me. I'm on my way.
And if it takes a deal with a crooked
sheriff, that's all right with me.
And if I have to fancy it up with an
Indian Curse and a broken-hearted wife
for Leo...that's all right, too.

BOOT

Not with me it isn't. And not with
a lot of others in this business.
Phoney, below-the-belt journalism,
that's what it is.

TATUM

Not below the belt. Right in the gut,
Mr. Boot. Human interest.

BOOT

You heard me. Phoney. For all I know,
there isn't even a Leo down there.

TATUM

Yes, there is. Tatum made sure of
that.

(He takes a drink)

I've waited a long time for my turn
at bat. Now that they've pitched
me a fat one, I'm going to knock it
right out of the ball park.

One of the telephones rings again. Tatum answers it.

TATUM

(In phone) :

Yes...What paper?...Tell Philadel-
phia to call back in half an hour.

While Tatum is on the phone, Herbie enters with his
camera. He is hot, dusty and excited from his trip
to the Indian Reservation.

HERBIE

Know what, Chuck? I had that
Medicine Man stage a whole cere-
monial...

(His voice trails off
as he sees Boot)

Hello, Mr. Boot.

BOOT

Come on, Herbie, get your things to-
gether. We're going back. Tatum's
just hit a home run and the big
leagues are calling.

C-16 (Cont'd)

Herbie looks toward Tatum.

TATUM

Go ahead, Herbie. Maybe Boot's right. Maybe you'd better go back with him.

HERBIE

But---you said I could stick with you.

BOOT

Give him good advice, Chuck. You can do it.

TATUM

(Stung)

He's old enough to make up his own mind.

(The phone rings)

Everybody in this game has to make up his own mind.

HERBIE

I've made up mine.

TATUM

(Answering phone)

Hello... Yes, sure I'm ready to talk to New York... Put 'em on...

Boot picks up his hat and moves toward the door with a final glance at Herbie. Tatum puts his hand over the mouthpiece.

TATUM

(To Boot)

Don't be so sorry for him. What makes you think the Albuquerque Sun-Bulletin is all that a kid wants out of life? What makes you think you have all the answers? They're out of date. High-button shoes. Belt and suspenders. They're not wearing them any more. Look at the calendar, Mr. Boot. It's the twentieth century. The second half of it. You don't expect the kid to stand still. He wants to get going -- going --

BOOT

(Simply)

Going where?

Boot exits. Tatum and Herbie look after him, then Tatum remembers the receiver in his hand, puts it to his ear.

(Continued)

C-16 (Cont'd)

TATUM

(In phone)

Hello... Who?... Mr. Nagel? Not Lover-Boy himself! Well. Well. Tell me, Mr. Nagel, did they ever repair that ceiling in your office?... the one you hit the day you told me my services were no longer required. What you said to me. Such language. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. ... All right, Lover-Boy, to what do I owe this honor -- as if I didn't know.

C-17 INT. NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE - (ONLY DESK AND WINDOW WITH SKYLINE VIEW)

MR. NAGEL is on the phone. He is a man in his fifties. He's in a hurry. He's on the spot. He doesn't like it.

NAGEL

All right, Tatum. You're a very comical guy and I promise I'm going to laugh hard, but not right now. What about that Minosa story? ...

(Impatiently)

Yes, the weather is fine in New York... No, it's not raining... Yes, she's still here ... Come on Tatum, how much for the Minosa story? Exclusive ... What?! Don't you know there's a war on -- somewhere? I'll give you a thousand dollars ---

C-18 INT. TATUM'S ROOM

TATUM

(In phone)

You're not even warm, Lover-Boy. What do you think I've got here -- A plane crash? Or a set of quadruplets? This is a circulation builder. It'll go another four days. Some beautiful copy coming. Speak up fast. There's a waiting list.

While he is talking, he holds out his empty glass to Herbie, who fills it from the bottle.

C-19

INT. NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE

NAGEL

(On phone)

So you think you've got me over a barrel... All right, all right, maybe you have. Give you a thousand a day as long as it lasts.

C-20

INT. TATUM'S ROOM

TATUM

(On phone)

Mr. Nagel, you're not getting the point. It's not just the thousand a day. It's that desk of mine I want back when this is over. You heard me. The old desk. The old job... Now, now, Lover-Boy. Watch that ceiling... That's more like it. Now put the contract on the wires. You'll get the first story in an hour. One more thing. See that there's some flowers on my desk, with a little ribbon: WELCOME HOME.

During this phone conversation, he has slowly detached his suspenders. As he hangs up, he throws them in a corner with a decisive gesture.

TATUM

This means you, too, fan. We're rounding third.

HERBIE

I'm right behind you.

Tatum starts singing GOING HOME as he sits down at his table and starts typing. Suddenly he becomes aware that Mama Minosa has come in with two new holy candles. She crosses to Madonna and takes away the old ones which are almost burned away. She lights the new ones as she silently says her Ave Maria. Herbie and Tatum watch her. Tatum has stopped typing. With a warm smile, Mama Minosa clears away the coffee cup and sandwich plate and, with the two burned out candles, leaves the room.

Tatum looks after her, then toward Herbie. Almost viciously he resumes his typing.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE C

SEQUENCE D

FADE IN:

D-1 EXT. HIGHWAY IN FRONT OF TRADING POST

Cars are lined up -- East and West -- as far as the eye can see. They slowly work their way through the bottle-neck of the Gate, now manned by three attendants collecting the new parking fee of \$1.00 -- an inflationary advance in price now advertised on the sign.

OVER SCENE is heard the MUSIC of a SMALL BAND playing "We're Coming, Leo." The SOLOIST can be heard in the distance. The cars go through in a cloud of dust toward their Mecca, the Cliff Dwelling.

D-2 THE BAND

The source of the music. On a crude platform a FIVE-PIECE WESTERN BAND in costume is giving out with "We're Coming, Leo," in typical cowboy style. The Soloist, accompanying himself on the "geetar," is schmaltzing it up. Tacked up over the headboard are numerous copies of the sheet music which THREE GIRLS, similarly costumed, are peddling at 25¢ a copy -- doing a landoffice business.

Among the buyers is Mr. Federber who, with his family, is in the dense throng around the bandstand. PAN WITH THEM as they make their way to the Carnival Midway. The Great S. & M. Amusement Corporation has set up its big tent, its concessions, Ferris Wheel, Giant Swing, etc. In the foreground is a large sign reading: PROCEEDS GO TO LEO MINOSA RESCUE FUND.

Thus blessed, it is getting a big play. After all, if the creme de la creme can put on their jewels and dresses and dance till dawn for the benefit of the crippled children, why can't charity have its day for Leo Minosa?

D-3 THE FEDERBERS

Mr. Federber, watched by his admiring family, is having himself a time at one of the booths, knocking off milk bottles with baseballs. He is being exhorted by the PITCHMAN to keep going. He wins a prize -- a kewpie doll.

D-4 THE TOP OF THE HILL

The big wheel of the drill is going round and round, driving the bit farther toward Leo. The quiet workmanlike conduct of the men is in startling contrast with the scene below.

D-5 A STUFFED BUCKING STEER

A sign reads:

"RIDE 'EM COWBOY" PICTURES
LOOKS LIKE REAL. DEVELOPED WHILE U WAIT

Mrs. Federber and the two boys are astride the enraged animal, while Mr. Federber is valiantly gripping its horns like an experienced bulldogger. The PHOTOGRAPHER is taking their picture.

PHOTOGRAPHER
All right now, take your
places. Hold your hands up --
Ride 'em cowboy! Now! Smile!
Hold it!

The horn of the steer comes off in Mr. Federber's hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Aw now, Mister, what'd you
have to do that for.

D-6 THE DRILL

Two men are standing beside a casing, their hands on the guide rope as the bit grinds its way downward.

D-7 A HELICOPTER

There is a sign:

SEE THE RESCUE OPERATION FROM THE AIR

Part of the morbidly restless crowd has gathered around under the spell of the BARKER'S spiel.

BARKER
See the Rescue Operation from the
Air! See the drills at work! See
how they're getting closer and
closer to Leo Minosa! Who is next?
Who is next? How many?

D-7 (Cont'd)

BARKER (Cont'd)

Half price for children. Take
the lovely lady and the beautiful
children. Get in and go right up!

The Federber family gets into the helicopter. It starts up. As it soars into the sky, AN INDIAN FAMILY watches. They have learned many strange things from the White Man. Now they are learning one more. The helicopter flies over the:

D-8 DRILL

As the water, poured down to cool the bit, gushes out of the casing.

D-9 A TELEVISION TRUCK

Again, a good segment of the crowd has found a focus for their endless curiosity. The camera is gunned at Sheriff Kretzer.

KRETZER

(To TV camera)

-- and I want to take this opportunity of thanking you for the hundreds of letters and telegrams that have been pouring in. But I want to make one thing plain to you good people of Los Barrios County -- when Election Day comes around, I don't want what I'm doing here to influence your vote one little bit. Because all I'm doing here is my duty as your Sheriff... And I only wish I could reach out and shake you by the hand. Each and every one of you.

TV ANNOUNCER

Thank you, Sheriff Kretzer.

PAN WITH Announcer as he turns toward the Federbers.

TV ANNOUNCER

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you the man who has clearly established his claim as the first arrival on the scene -- Mr. Federber and his family. Mr. Federber say hello to our television audience.

(Continued)

D-9 (Cont'd)

MR. FEDERBER

(To TV camera)

Hello, everybody. Yes, sir, it was last Sunday morning. Fifty-three, to be exact. We were on our way to Bottomless Lake...

As he speaks, the cigarette in his hand accidentally touches the balloon held by his kid. It explodes with a plop!

D-10 THE BAND STAND

Throughout these foregoing scenes, the music has continued. While the singer rests, the band goes into another chorus with corny variations.

D-11 INT. TATUM'S ROOM - TRADING POST

Here, too, the activities have been stepped up. A teletypewriter, equipped for both sending and receiving, has been installed. The room is littered with papers. From outside comes carnival NOISES and echoes of the LEO SONG.

Tatum, (his suspenders now discarded) is seated at the teletypewriter, his fingers nimbly typing his story for instant transmission to New York. He pours himself a drink. Automatically his hand reaches into a bowl for some ice. The last of the ice has melted. Snapping the water from his fingers he picks up the bowl and goes to the door leading into the Lunch Room of the Trading Post.

D-12 INT. LUNCH ROOM

packed to noisy capacity. Tatum's door opens. He stands in the doorway with the empty bowl, trying to attract the attention of one of the waitresses.

TATUM

Hey! How about some more ice here.

The waitresses are too busy to pay him any heed, occupied as they are in dealing out sandwiches and soft drinks to the three-deep customers. Across the crowded room Tatum sees:

D-13 BOOTH

Lorraine seated with the three Eastern Reporters, McCardle, Jessop and Morgan. They are too far from Tatum to hear what they are saying, but it's obviously an animated conversation with Lorraine as the focal point. She looks up and sees:

D-14 TATUM STANDING IN HIS DOORWAY

He watches her a moment then with a subtle nod of his head, beckons her to come over.

D-15 BOOTH FROM TATUM'S ANGLE

Lorraine gets up and makes her way through the crowd toward Tatum's Room.

D-16 TATUM'S ROOM

Tatum has returned. He puts down the empty ice bowl. Lorraine enters a second later.

LORRAINE

Yes, Mr. Tatum?

TATUM

Close that door.

LORRAINE

(Closing it)

What can the management do for you?

TATUM

I'll tell you what you can do. You can stop playing games with those newsboys.

LORRAINE

They're nice fellows.

TATUM

They're sharpies. They'll rope you into a game of twenty questions. And twenty questions take twenty answers. And one of them may be the wrong one. And we can't afford it.

LORRAINE

It's all right, Mr. Tatum. They just want me to write ---

(Making quotes with
her fingers)

D-16 (Cont'd)

LORRAINE (Cont'd)

-- My Life With Leo. In three parts. I had them up to seven hundred and fifty dollars.

TATUM

Tell them you can't spell.

LORRAINE

I told them I'm not interested in their seven fifty.

TATUM

(Grabbing her)

And you're not interested in a thousand. Or two thousand. Or three thousand. Understand?

LORRAINE

And I'm not interested in a three-part story, either. It's the fourth part I'm thinking about. After I'm out of here, I was figuring on going to New York, too. Maybe I'll run into you. Maybe we can have a couple of drinks. Maybe you'll even take me out for a big evening.

TATUM

Maybe I'll have a better date.

LORRAINE

(Moving closer to him)

You won't be ashamed of me. Because I'm going to get me a new trousseau and look real swell.

TATUM

Why don't you wash that platinum out of your hair.

LORRAINE

I'll dye it red for you. Or green. Anything you say, Chuck.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-17 THE FERRIS WHEEL

The Federbers, laden with grimcrack prizes, are winding up a day of devotion to the cause of charity. We see them in one of the carriages of the Ferris Wheel as it goes up.

D-18 THE TOP OF THE HILL

Papa Minosa is distributing food and drinks to Smollett and his hard-working crew. As he is busy with this task of devotion, he looks and sees a train, in the distance, slowing down.

D-19 AN EXCURSION TRAIN

Banners on the sides of the old, grimy cars read:

LEO MINOSA SPECIAL

Before it can pull to a full stop the first of the passengers jump to the ground and start racing across the gully to the highway, followed by more and more as they boil out of the cars, running full tilt toward the Gate. Kindly people, no doubt, but drawn inexorably by that greatest of all magnets -- disaster to somebody else.

D-20 PAPA MINOSA ON THE HILL

Watching, wondering, bewildered. What makes people do these things?

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE D

SEQUENCE E

FADE IN:

E-1 THE MESA - TOWARD THE CLIFF DWELLING - (NIGHT)

The stretch of what was once barren land is now dotted with sparkling lights from the carnival. The Ferris Wheel and Giant Swing stand out as they go round and round in incandescent circles. Cars, people, noise, bustle and music. Echoes of "We're Coming, Leo" merge with the tinny tunes of the rides. Atop the hill are other lights, outlining the Drill, an ever-present reminder of the Job.

RADIO REPORTER'S VOICE
This is Station KOAT, Albuquerque, Bob Bumpas speaking and bringing you our nine p.m. special feature newscast from Escudero, where some 5000 people have gathered to give generously of their heart and money to Operation Minosa.

This is the fifth night the big drill has been pounding and grinding its way toward Leo.

The drillers are now only twenty-six feet away. At the rate they are going -- better than a foot an hour -- they should reach Leo by this time tomorrow night.

E-2 THE DRILL

Night is like day to the weary but resolute workers. Smollett and his men are working silently, efficiently, tirelessly.

I have the good news directly from Mr. Smollett. So, after one hundred and twenty-nine hours of being buried alive, it looks as though the angry spirits of the Sacred Mountain have relented-- and now at last freedom seems in sight. . .

E-3 INT. CAVE-IN

There has been a startling change in Leo's condition. As in the previous scene, his face has been cleaned of dirt and grime, but there is a heavy stubble on his cheeks which are now hollowed from his ordeal. He is sweating profusely and his respiration is shallow and labored.

On his bared chest he is holding a stethoscope, which is connected by elongated cords to the earpieces. Dr. Hilton, lying prone beyond the aperture, is listening to Leo's heart. Tatum is crouched next to the Doctor, watching tensely.

E-3 (Cont'd)

DR. HILTON

Now put it on the right side, Leo.
Underneath your arm. A little lower.
Breathe through your mouth. Move
it down a little. Breathe. Through
your mouth.

The effort of breathing is very painful to Leo.

LEO

I can't.

DR. HILTON

Don't talk, please. Just breathe.
Now on the other side. There. Keep
breathing, Leo. Mouth open.

LEO

(After coughing harshly)
I can't any more. Get me Father
Diegos.

TATUM

Shut up, Leo. Do what the Doctor
tells you.

LEO

Chuck, don't let me die without
the priest.

TATUM

You don't need a priest. You're not
going to die. Tell him he's not go-
ing to die, Doctor.

DR. HILTON

Everybody's going to die some day,
Leo. I am. Tatum is. You are.
But you've still got a long time
ahead of you. Only you have to help.

LEO

Yeah.

DOCTOR

Put it on your left side. Way over.
There. Breathe.

LEO

(Between breaths)
They won't let me go. They're
getting even with me for robbing
their tomb. They'll never let me
go.

E-4

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE APERTURE

Tatum and Doctor Hilton. The latter finishes his examination, takes his stethoscope from his ears.

DR. HILTON

Pneumonia.

TATUM

How bad?

DR. HILTON

He told you himself.

TATUM

(Frozen)

Nobody dies of pneumonia these days.

DR. HILTON

He will. You can't lie down here five days and five nights in the same position --

TATUM

(Breaking in)

What can you do?

DR. HILTON

We can get him some oxygen to help him breathe.

TATUM

How long can he hold out?

DR. HILTON

Twelve hours. Unless we get him to a hospital tomorrow morning, he'll be dead.

He pulls in the stethoscope cords.

LEO'S VOICE

(Calling)

Chuck. Chuck.

E-5

CAVE-IN

Tatum crawls into view at the aperture.

LEO

Tell them to stop the drill. It's no use. They'll never make it.

TATUM

Get those ideas out of your head, Leo. You're talking crazy. You'll be out of here by tomorrow morning.

E-5 (Cont'd)

LEO

No I won't. They can't reach me by tomorrow morning. I figured it out myself.

TATUM

You'll be out of here in twelve hours. Now hang on.

LEO

You wouldn't be lying to me, would you, Chuck?

TATUM

Look at me, Leo.

LEO

No, you wouldn't. You never have.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-6 INT. TATUM'S ROOM - NIGHT

From outside we hear sounds of the crowd and the music. Kretzer is sitting in the rocker. In front of him on the bed is the box with the baby rattler in it. Tatum comes in, sweaty and dirty from his trip below.

KRETZER

How do you like that dumb snake? I feed it meat. I feed it cheese. I catch him some bugs. Won't touch a thing. What do you think he goes for? Chewing gum. But only with the silver wrapper on.

(Feeding the snake
chewing gum)

Look at him. He's putting on weight.

Tatum, paying no attention to Kretzer, has crossed to the teletype and starts sending.

KRETZER

Look, I think you and me ought to get together about tomorrow night. The kid'll be out. So let's play it big. The moment they bring him up, I want to shake hands with him and I've got to be the first. And then I'm going to make a speech from the top of the hill. I need you to help me with it. Something nice and simple.

E-6 (Cont'd)

During this, Tatum has left the teletype, gone to the wash stand, poured some water into the bowl. Kretzer has crossed to the teletype and sees the tearsheet which reads:

"Escudero, June 22nd. New development Minosa story. Rescuers expect to reach Leo tomorrow morning. More coming. Tatum."

KRETZER

Hey! What are you sending out here? What new development?

TATUM

(Peeling off his shirt)

You read it. We'll have Leo out by tomorrow morning. We're going the other way.

KRETZER

What other way?

TATUM

(Soaping up his hands)

The way we could have gone in the first place. The easy way.

KRETZER

No, why should we do that?

TATUM

I'll tell you why. Because the guy in there is dying. And that's no good for my story. Because when you have a big human interest story going you've got to give it a big human interest ending. When you get people steamed up like this, don't ever make suckers out of them. I don't want to hand them a dead man. That's why.

With copious lather he starts to wash his face.

KRETZER

Who says he's going to be dead?

TATUM

(Through the lather)

I say so.

E-6 (Cont'd)

KRETZER

Maybe he will and maybe he won't. All I know is, if we make that switch now, we'll have a lot of explaining to do. People will want to know a lot of things, especially those reporter friends of yours. Like for instance, why did we have to set up that drill and why did we waste five days.

TATUM

First, let's get him out. Then we'll think of what to tell them.

KRETZER

Why stick out our necks, Tatum? Why not stick to the drill? We'll speed it up all we can. If we get him out alive, that's swell. If we're too late -- well, we've done our best.

TATUM

(Starting to dry his face)

It's a better story if we're not too late. I've sent for Smollett.

KRETZER

Smollett is my man. He's taking my orders.

Kretzer starts for the door.

TATUM

Stick around, Gus.

Kretzer pays no attention; continues toward the door. Tatum, his face still wet, goes after him and grabs him.

TATUM

I said stick around.

Kretzer lets go with a punch. Tatum retaliates with a better one, sending Kretzer sprawling on the floor.

TATUM

Now when Smollett comes you can give him your orders. Here they are. Go in through the Cliff Dwelling, shore it up, and get him out fast.

E-6 (Cont'd)

SMOLLETT'S VOICE

Not through the Cliff Dwelling. You
can't get him out that way any more.

Tatum and Kretzer turn and see Smollett, who has
entered during the fight and stands near the closed
door.

TATUM

Why?

SMOLLETT

We've been pounding away with that
drill too long. They're all shot,
those walls. You can't shore them
up now. Put a lot of men to work in
there and they'll cave in on them.

Tatum and Kretzer look at him.

SMOLLETT

Don't look at me like that. I never
wanted to use the drill in the first
place. I never wanted to go in on
this at all. You know that.

Tatum stands motionless, his face moist and glisten-
ing. In the background, the teletype starts clicking
and ringing. Slowly he turns his back on it and
walks out of scene. The clicking-ringing continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-7 INT. TATUM'S ROOM - (DAY)

The teletype, its clicking-ringing sound again
urgently repetitive, now reflects the morning sunlight
coming through the window. Over this, the VOICE OF
HERBIE who, as WE PAN, is discovered talking on the
phone.

HERBIE

I'm sorry, Mr. Nagel, he's not back
yet... No, I don't know where he is.
...Yes, Mr. Nagel, I left word every
place for him to call New York. ...
Yes, I know he has a deadline. ... Of
course he hasn't answered the teletype,
Mr. Nagel. He hasn't been in all night.
... Yes, I know how much you're paying
him, but if Tatum said he's going to
send more, he'll send more.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-8

CAVE-IN

START ON an Oxygen Tank set up on the other side of the aperture. Tatum is lying prone beside it, regulating the pressure. He peers down past the overhanging rock at Leo who is holding the rubber mouthpiece over his mouth and nose. Leo's eyes are little orbs of fire. He puts aside the mouthpiece. His breathing is more spasmodic and stertorous than before.

LEO

Chuck? Where are you, Chuck?

He looks vaguely in several directions, but not the right one.

TATUM

Here I am, Leo. Over here.

Leo, with difficulty, moves his head toward Tatum, tries to focus his eyes.

LEO

I thought you went away.

TATUM

Put that thing back on your mouth and take a good long drag.

LEO

(Not obeying)

It's morning, isn't it?

TATUM

Leo, you have to breathe that oxygen.

LEO

(As if he hadn't heard)

It's Friday morning.

(Looking up)

Come on, come on up there. Make all the noise you want. Hurry up. I'm all set. I've got one leg out already.

Tatum looks down at the rubble and rocks which still pin both Leo's legs. Leo coughs painfully.

TATUM

Cut out all that talking, Leo.

LEO

Five years today... Hope she hasn't found the present. I want to give it to her myself.

E-8 (Cont'd)

LEO (Cont'd)

(He chuckles)

I hid it in a good place. In the cupboard of our room. In my old duffel bag. She'll never find it there...I want her to wear it. She'll look like a million.

(Slumps back, consumed by fever)

Why is it so hot in here? So hot.

TATUM

Because you're talking too much. Don't be so dumb, using up all your strength. Breathe that oxygen. Keep breathing. Don't you want to get your other leg out?

LEO

Yes. Sure. I have to. So I can walk -- walk down the hill, walk home --

(Gasping)

Maybe I better rest a little so my heart won't beat so fast when I walk up the stairs to our room... Up the stairs... Up the stairs... Up the stairs...

DISSOLVE TO:

E-9

EXT. TRADING POST - (DAY) - THE OUTSIDE STAIRS
LEADING TO SECOND STORY BEDROOM

The usual heavy traffic of visitors. Carnival noise in the background. Tatum ascends the stairs, his face is drawn. He knocks a couple of times and, without waiting, opens the door brusquely.

E-10

INT. TRADING POST - LORRAINE'S ROOM - (DAY)

It is a twin bed affair, furnished in cheap, old-fashioned style. Pin-up pictures, war trophies and five-and-dime gewgaws decorate the walls. One bed is unmade. As Tatum comes in, Lorraine, wearing a wrapper over her nightgown, is standing in front of a mirrored washstand. She has tucked a towel around her neck. The washbowl is filled with water; beside it is a small bowl containing dark dye. A toothbrush rests across the top. She is wielding a comb and scissors.

E-10 (Cont'd)

LORRAINE

I didn't say come in. Now get out, will you, Chuck. I wanted to surprise you.

Tatum crosses, passing her on his way to the cupboard, tossing his jacket on the foot of the bed.

LORRAINE

I'm changing my type. Going light brown again. That's the color it was before I started fooling around with it. And I'm cutting it a little shorter. What do you think?

(She turns)

Herbie's been looking for you all night. Where you been?

Tatum doesn't answer as he drags Leo's duffel bag out of the cupboard.

LORRAINE

What are you doing there, Chuck?

Tatum opens the bag and takes out a cardboard box tied with ribbons. The label reads:

LOUVRE
PARISIAN FURS
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

TATUM

(Handing her box)

Here.

LORRAINE

What is it?

TATUM

A present.

LORRAINE

For me?

TATUM

It's your anniversary, Mrs. Minosa.

LORRAINE

(Remembering)

Oh.

TATUM

He wants you to have it. Go on, open it.

E-10 (Cont'd)

LORRAINE

(Snips ribbons with her
scissors)Parisian furs. All the way from
Albuquerque.

She opens the box and takes out a stringy fur neck-
piece of the Kolinsky type. She fingers it with
disdain.

LORRAINE

Gorgeous isn't it? They must have
skinned a couple of hungry rats.

TATUM

Put it on.

LORRAINE

(Holding up the fur)

Honey, you wouldn't want me to
wear a thing like this.

(She tosses it away)

TATUM

He bought it for you, didn't he?
Now put it on.

(He picks it up and
holds it out to her)

LORRAINE

Not me. I got enough money to
buy me a real fur. A silver fox.

TATUM

He wants you to wear it.

LORRAINE

I don't care what he wants.

TATUM

I do.

(He slings the fur
around her neck)

LORRAINE

I hate it, Chuck.

She is about to slip it off. He holds it on her.

TATUM

Don't take it off.

LORRAINE

It's like him touching me.

E-10 (Cont'd)

TATUM

You know what he said? He said
you'll look like a million.

As she tries to wriggle out of it, he pulls the fur
tightly around her neck.

LORRAINE

Let me go, Chuck.

As Tatum continues to speak he pulls the fur
tighter and tighter around her neck.

TATUM

You know what else he said. He
said maybe you'll love him now after
what happened to him. Maybe you and
he can start all over again.

LORRAINE

Let go.

TATUM

(Continuing pressure)
You're all he talks about. You're
all he thinks about.

LORRAINE

(Gasping)
Chuck.

TATUM

You can buy yourself a dozen silver
foxes. You're going to wear this.

LORRAINE

(Trying vainly to free
herself)
Don't, Chuck, don't. I can't breathe.

TATUM

(Tightening his hold)
He can't breathe, either.

Struggling she becomes aware of the scissors near at
hand and as a last desperate measure of self-defense
grasps them and stabs him in his right side, a little
above the waist. There is the METALLIC SOUND of the
scissors dropping to the floor. He releases his
grip. Lorraine stands motionless, transfixed with
horror. The fur piece dangles from her shoulders.

E-10(Cont'd)

TATUM

Now keep it on.

He picks up his jacket and goes out. Lorraine stares after him.

E-11 EXT. TRADING POST - THE OUTSIDE STAIRS

Tatum, holding his jacket over his wounded side, comes downstairs grasping the rail for support. He goes to the Deputy Sheriff's car, roughly pushes the Deputy out of the way, gets behind the wheel and drives off, making his way against the almost endless stream of traffic through the Gate. He squeezes through two lanes of on-coming cars, cuts across one, HIS SIREN GOING, and picks up speed down the highway.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-12 EXT. CHURCH - (DAY)

Its white stucco reflects the glaring sunlight. In front of the wall surrounding the churchyard, five Indian boys are playing baseball. Tatum drives up, alights, puts on his jacket and, favoring his aching side, disappears through the gate. As soon as he is lost to sight, the Indian boys, their game of ball halted by the arrival of the car, satisfy their curiosity by taking a close look at the official vehicle. One gets behind the wheel and another, equally venturesome, climbs up to the top for a close look at the siren. The boy inside, as though he were a cop driving on an emergency call, SOUNDS the SIREN. Startled, the boys run quickly out of sight.

Tatum and FATHER DIEGOS, who is carrying a bag, come out of the church gate, get into the car and drive away.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-13 EXT. MESA - (DAY)

As Tatum, driving Father Diegos, zigzags in and out of the heavy tourist traffic. Again his SIREN is GOING. As he approaches, the Deputies on duty lower the ropes surrounding the Cliff Dwelling. The car pulls right up to the entrance. Tatum and the Priest get out, instantly go inside and are lost to sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-14 INT. CLIFF DWELLING

Tatum is leading Father Diegos through the tortuous passageway, now lit by occasional electric lights. From above is heard the steady reverberation of the drill.

Tatum's wound pains him. Surreptitiously, he stuffs his handkerchief inside his trousers as an improvised bandage.

As they proceed, there is a loud rumbling noise. A shower of rocks from the disintegrating walls falls across their path. Tatum holds back the Padre and surveys the damage. When the danger of further rock-slide seems to be past, he leads him on toward Leo.

E-15 CAVE-IN

His eyes afire with fever, Leo is lying back, the oxygen mouthpiece on his chest, the escaping oxygen producing a faint hissing sound. With the last vestige of his strength, he is humming the Hut-Sut Song. It is barely audible -- a sort of intermittent overtone of his rapid and painful respiration. Suddenly his eyes turn to the aperture. He speaks with a great effort:

LEO

Father Diegos? Is that you,
Father?

FATHER DIEGOS

Yes, Leo.

LEO

Is Chuck with you?

TATUM

I'm right here, Leo.

LEO

See that she gets the present,
Chuck.

TATUM

She's wearing it.

LEO

She is? Does she like it?
Does she look pretty in it?

TATUM

Yes, Leo.

E-15 (Cont'd)

LEO

Thank you, Chuck. I'm ready
Father.

Father Diegos takes a purple stole from his bag,
puts it on.

LEO

Bless me, father, for I have
sinned...

(A long pause)

I'm sorry...

FATHER DIEGOS

Ego te absolvo ab omnibus censuris,
et peccatis, in nomine Patris, et
Filii, (X) et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Father Diegos puts some holy oil on a piece of
cotton. He affixes it to the end of a stick which
Tatum hands him from those strewn about. The
Priest anoints the forehead of Leo.

FATHER DIEGOS

Per istam sanctam Unctio(X)nem,
indulgeat tibi Dominus quidquid
deliquisti. Amen.

Tatum, watching, is a devastated man.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-16 EXT. CLIFF DWELLING - (DAY)

Tatum comes out with Father Diegos. There is the
usual bustling activity of the rescue workers. From
the top of the hill we hear:

SMOLLETT'S VOICE

(Over P.A. System)

What's holding up those oil drums?
Send them up.

Tatum looks up toward the hilltop. A cage containing
oil drums, in charge of a workman, is being hoisted
by the derrick. When it is a few feet off the ground,
Tatum runs to it and jumps on, pulling himself aboard.
The workman looks at him in amazement. Tatum holds
onto the rope which circles the cage. The effort has
cost him considerable pain. We see now that there is
a blood-stain on his shirt and trousers. He sways a
little against the ropes with weakness as the cage
makes its ascent.

E-17 THE TOP OF THE HILL

When the cage reaches its destination, Tatum gets out and makes his way to Smollett, who is standing beside the drill.

TATUM

(To Smollett)

Stop the drill. Stop everything!

(He goes to the

P.A. System)

Quiet. Quiet, everybody. This is Charles Tatum. Listen to me.

Leo Minosa is dead. He's dead.

There's nothing you can do now.

There's nothing anybody can do.

Go on home -- all of you. He's dead.

During this:

E-18 EXT. PRESS TENT

McCardle, Jessop and Morgan are standing in the f.g. of a crowd looking up and listening. At the first tidings of Leo's death the three reporters, galvanized into action, turn and elbow their way toward the Press Tent.

E-19 EXT. TRADING POST

Papa Minosa is filling the gas tank of a car when he hears Tatum's voice and the dreaded news. He leaves the hose in the tank of the car and walks to the gate leading to the Mesa, jostled by the crowd. There he stands, back to CAMERA. He takes off his hat. His shoulders sag under the weight of his grief.

E-20 EXT. THE TOP OF THE HILL

Tatum, his announcement finished, turns away from the microphone and slowly starts away toward the road leading down hill. Two workers in f.g. take off their hats.

E-21 EXT. CLIFF DWELLING

A section of the crowd reacting to the news. There is an eloquent silence. Two women in the forefront kneel and cross themselves. The others stand with bowed heads, most of the men with their hats off.

E-22 EXT. MESA

An Indian Family listening. One member, puzzled, turns to another and grunts a question in Navajo. The response, also in Navajo, tells him what has happened. He nods with characteristic detachment.

E-23 INT. PRESS TENT

The telegraph keys are clicking. The teletypes are sending furiously. Reporters are beating a steady tattoo on their typewriters while phoning, the receivers cradled on their shoulders. Everybody is talking at once.

REPORTERS (AD LIB)

(On phone)

Operator. This is press
rush. Get me New York - Long-
acre 5-7598.

(On phone)

Heard a big rock fell on him.
Checking.

(On phone)

Have the lead in a few minutes.
About five hundred words to
start.

McCARDLE

(Dictating to telegrapher)

Send this flash. Minosa dead.
Body still down. Hold for
two thousand words.

JESSOP

(On phone)

Here's a flash, Hank. Minosa
died. Just got it. Have the
lead in a few minutes. About
five hundred words to start.

MORGAN

(On phone)

No art yet. We'll put it on
the wire as soon as we get it.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-24 EXT. MESA - (DAY)

The exodus begins. Automobiles and busses, kicking up a great cloud of dust, make wide, sweeping turns as they start their homeward trek.

E-25 TATUM

drawing on his rapidly flagging strength, is caught up in the midst of the traffic as he takes the long and arduous walk toward the Trading Post. The rutted road is torture to his injured side. He is jostled by other pedestrians who are able to walk faster, and he has to step aside quickly to avoid the endless procession of cars.

E-26 THE FEDERBER TRAILER

Mr. Federber, grave as befits the occasion, is beginning to take down the awning. The two boys are folding a card table. Mrs. Federber, looking sad, takes some wilted flowers from a vase, tosses them away and pours out the water. Then she gives way to her emotion. She holds a handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Federber puts his arm around her to console her. The awning comes down slowly, shielding them from view.

E-27 TATUM

Walking, walking. Sorely beset mentally and physically.

E-28 THE BIG TOP

The tent slowly comes down.

E-29 TATUM

still trudging toward his destination.

E-30 EXT. TRADING POST

A mass of seething traffic. Lorraine, carrying a suitcase, looking very frightened, comes down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs she is caught up in the maze of automobiles. She seems

E-30 (Cont'd)

bewildered. Impelled by the desire to get away, she starts walking with the flow of the traffic. She makes a jerky attempt to flag a bus, but it is full; then she tries to get a hitch from a passing car, but is ignored. Carrying her suitcase, she walks AWAY FROM CAMERA. The automobiles, flaunting all rules of traffic, make her progress perilous, but she seems to disregard the danger in her haste. Looming up behind her is a huge truck of The Great S. & M. Amusement Corporation, seeking other and fresher pastures. It veers toward her. For a moment it looks as though she would be knocked down. But the truck passes her without accident. She continues on her urgent way. Where, we don't know.

E-31 INT. TRADING POST - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Outside can be seen the stream of departing cars. Now that the show is over, the crowd inside has thinned out considerably. Only about a dozen people -- all quiet and subdued -- are having a final and hasty cup of coffee before leaving. They are being served by a single waitress.

Seated at the counter, sipping coffee, are McCardle, Jessop and Morgan.

Kretzer crosses from the front door, goes in back of the lunch counter, reaches up to the top shelf and takes down the cardboard box containing the baby rattler.

McCARDLE

How about a statement, Sheriff?

KRETZER

You bet. Say I'm leaving the drill here. We're going to get Leo out yet. And I'll see to it he gets the finest funeral in Los Barrios County.

(He takes a pack of
chewing gum from the
counter)

You can quote me.

Kretzer is about to leave.

MORGAN

(Pointing to chewing
gum)

That'll be a nickel.

E-31 (Cont'd)

With an annoyed look, Kretzer forks over the nickel. As he moves toward the door, he takes a stick of gum, removes the paper and, with the silver wrapper on it, gives it a little twist and shoves it into the box to feed the snake.

He goes outside, gets into his waiting car. The SIREN GOES -- so does Kretzer. Through the front door, Tatum enters. The three reporters watch him as, holding his side, he makes his way unsteadily toward his room. He passes Mama Minosa who stands behind the gift counter, a tearless, stricken figure oblivious to everyone. He glances at her, then quickly looks away and, swaying a little, goes through the open door into his room.

E-32 INT. TATUM'S ROOM

TWO MECHANICS are disconnecting the teletype. Herbie is watching them when Tatum enters.

TATUM

(To Herbie)

What are they doing with that?

HERBIE

They're taking it away. Orders from New York. You never heard anybody as mad as Nagel. I don't get it either, Chuck. Where were you? What's the idea of not protecting your own paper? You had it all for yourself. You had it first. He told me to tell you you're fired.

While Herbie speaks, Tatum has let himself fall on the bed. He pulls the cover over his aching wound.

TATUM

Get me a drink.

While Herbie goes for the bottle, the Mechanics carry out the teletype. As they go through the door, the three reporters appear.

McCARDLE

So they're moving your piano out.
What are you going to play on now?

Herbie brings the bottle and a glass. Tatum grabs both. He pours himself a glassfull and, without answering, downs it.

E-32 (Cont'd)

MORGAN

Had everything sewed up, didn't you,
Tatum? Everything but the payoff.
What slipped up?

TATUM

(Thickly)

Beat it.

JESSOP

Booze yourself out of another job --
fan?

There is no response from Tatum, who lies back
feebly, whiskey dribbling from his lips.

McCARDLE

The great Tatum.

(To Herbie)

You better wipe his mouth.

TATUM

Beat it. Beat it.

HERBIE

You heard him. Outside. All of you.

MORGAN

Where do you go from here, Tatum?
Maybe the kid can get you a job on
a high school paper.

TATUM

(To Herbie)

Put in a call to New York. I want
to talk to Nagel.

Herbie doesn't obey him.

JESSOP

Aren't you a little late, Tatum? The
papers are on the street now.

TATUM

(To Herbie)

Don't stand there. Get Nagel.

As Herbie starts to put through the call:

McCARDLE

Unless you got a flash for him. How
they weave a Navajo rug. That ought
to be worth a thousand a day.

E-32 (Cont'd)

During this Herbie is in background at the phone.

HERBIE

(Into phone)

Get me New York. Cortlandt 7-9599.
Press rush.

MORGAN

Look, Tatum. You were good to us.
We'll be good to you. Here's a hot
tip. We just got it from the Sheriff.
He's going to dig Leo out yet, and
give him a big send-off.

This goads Tatum beyond endurance. He struggles
to his feet and faces his three tormentors.

TATUM

Get out!

As Tatum pushes them through the door:

McCARDLE

See you in New York when you pick
up that Pulitzer prize.

Tatum bangs the door shut on them.

HERBIE

(Holding out phone)

Nagel.

Tatum crosses slowly and, holding onto the wire
suspended from the ceiling for support, picks up
the phone.

TATUM

(In phone)

Hello, Nagel... Wait a minute. Don't
yell at me... Sure. Sure. I let
you down ... Sure. Sure. They're
on the streets, the other papers ...
Sure. Sure. Everybody else got the
story. Only it's the wrong story ...
Shut up, I said. Leo Minosa didn't
die. He was killed.

E-33

INT. NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Nagel is on the phone listening, very irritated.
Finally he lets out a short, nasty laugh.

E-33 (Cont'd)

NAGEL

...Is that the best you could think of? Stop it, Tatum, you're wasting your breath...Let me tell you the story behind the story. You got drunk yesterday. You were drunk all night -- and you're still drunk ...All right, so I'm crazy but it's only because I took a chance on you.

E-34 INT. TATUM'S ROOM

TATUM

(In phone)

And I'm giving you your money's worth. A Tatum Special. Something that'll make all the other papers look sick.

(Jiggles receiver)

Hey, Nagel, you wouldn't be sap enough to hang up on me. Not now. Listen to this. REPORTER KEEPS MAN BURIED FOR SIX DAYS. Now get set for the rest of it. ...Nagel. Nagel...

(Jiggles receiver again)

New York...

Slowly he hangs up. His strength drained, he slumps against the washstand, still holding onto the wire from the ceiling.

Herbie has been looking at Tatum during the phone conversation. He is shocked at the sight of the bloodstain and doubly shocked by what he hears.

TATUM

Running a big paper in New York. That baldheaded idiot! He won't believe me.

(His eyes fall on Herbie)

You believe me, don't you, fan?

HERBIE

Sure, Chuck. Now let me help you.

(Points to blood-stain)

You got to do something about that. I'll take you to a doctor. A hospital.

TATUM

Forget the Doctor. We've got a deadline. Come on.

He opens the door and goes out, followed by Herbie. The two cross the now empty Trading Post.

E-35 EXT. TRADING POST - (DUSK)

No cars, no people in sight. Tatum comes out, lurches toward his car. Herbie follows anxiously. Tatum barely manages to get into the car. He leans back to fight off his faintness.

TATUM
You drive, Herbie.

Herbie gets in and starts the car. They both look toward:

E-36 THE MESA

Deserted and desolate. The only remaining evidence of the Six Days is the sign, "Proceeds Go To Leo Minosa Rescue Fund."

Papa Minosa is hobbling across the Mesa, passing the sign. Bits of paper and tumbleweed swirl about in the fitful gusts of wind. Papa Minosa, a lonely, forlorn figure, continues on toward the gaunt Cliff Dwelling.

E-37 TATUM AND HERBIE - IN THE CAR

TATUM
Come on, Herbie. You're wasting my time.

The car starts off toward the highway and along the road whence it came one week ago.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-38 EXT. - THE CAR - (NIGHT)

Herbie driving, Tatum sitting next to him, as they go tearing along the highway. Herbie is pushing the car to its utmost speed, meanwhile casting covert glances at Tatum, who is sitting motionless by his side, his eyes half-closed, his lips tight from his ever-increasing pain and weakness. The car passes an illuminated sign which reads:

ALBUQUERQUE
THE HEART OF THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

DISSOLVE TO:

E-39 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE SUN-BULLETIN - (NIGHT)

The lights are on inside, betokening night-time activity. Herbie drives into SCENE. As soon as he stops the car, Tatum, although his strength is fast ebbing, gets out unaided and starts across the sidewalk purposefully and urgently as though time were running out.

Herbie instantly jumps out and runs around to Tatum's side. As unobtrusively as possible, he takes the wounded man's arm. They go inside.

E-40 INT. SUN-BULLETIN - (NIGHT) - THE COUNTER OUTSIDE THE NEWSROOM

Tatum and Herbie enter from the street. There is no one behind the counter. From the newsroom is heard a great clatter of teletypes and typewriters. It is the feverishly busy last hour before going to press.

E-41 INT. NEWSROOM

Tatum walks in, Herbie still at his side holding his arm. Immediately the teletypes and typewriters stop. There is a stunning silence. Miss Deverich, Mr. Wendell, the Indian Copy Boy and the three or four others stare at Tatum.

Although his step falters, he moves at once to Herbie's desk as though it was a vital objective. Holding onto the side of the desk, he shoves Herbie into the chair.

TATUM

Sit down. That's your desk. Now go to work.

Still holding onto the desk, Tatum surveys the staff, finally conscious of their silence and stares.

TATUM

What's the matter with everybody?
You'd think you never saw me before.
Go on. It's getting late. Your paper starts printing in an hour.

He takes a step toward the open door of Boot's room.

TATUM

(Calling)

Mr. Boot.

E-41 (Cont'd)

The office is empty. Tatum stands in the doorway looking around.

TATUM

Mr. Boot! Mr. Boot! Where's
Mr. Boot?

Boot comes out of the pressroom.

BOOT

(Gently)

Yes, Chuck.

With the last vestige of his strength, Tatum walks slowly, and as erectly as he can, toward Boot.

TATUM

(As he walks)

How would you like to make yourself
a thousand dollars a day, Mr. Boot?
I'm a thousand-dollar-a-day-news-
paper man. You can have me for
nothing.

It is his last breath. He falls forward, smack into
CAMERA.

FADE OUT.

THE END